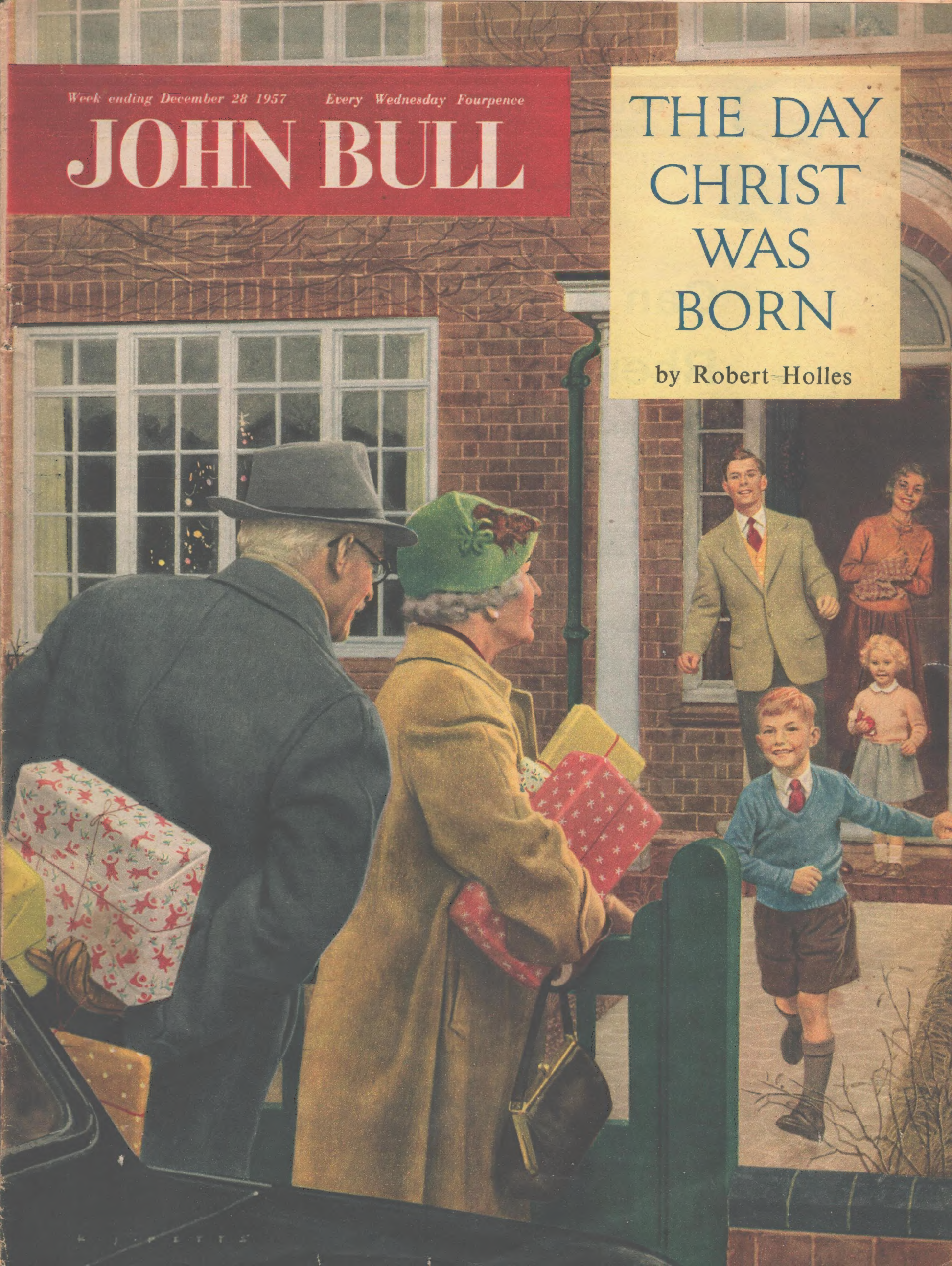
Week ending December 28 1957 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

THE DAY CHRIST WAS BORN

by Robert Holles



DOUGLAS WARTH INVESTIGATES

No. 3 in a series of articles on Rheumatism

Can it beat Rheumatism . . .

this amazing new treatment?

I WAS AMAZED. At a London clinic I watched an old lady weep while I stood by, with a doctor and masseur, laughing in her face.

It wasn't heartless. The old lady was weeping with joy, relief—and the sheer surprise of finding that her crippling agony was at an end. Soon she was laughing with us, doing knee-bends, dancing with delight.

Of all the ailments to which the human body is subjected, none has more stubbornly refused to yield to treatment than rheumatism. Rheumatologists estimate that rheumatism in all its forms costs the country £250 million a year in production losses, sickness benefits and medical care.

For years, doctors and scientists have been working to find an answer to rheumatism—but without success. Imagine my surprise, then, when I was told of this Darby and Joan clinic in London, set up by a Harley Street specialist who has made a remarkable discovery in the treatment of muscular rheumatism.

The first thing I saw there was the old lady hobbling in to tell us that nobody had been able to relieve the pain round her knee or to get her a good night's sleep. Then almost immediately, walking blithely out, her limbs supple again.

There was a man with "rheumatic elbow," or an elderly woman with a stiff neck, and a middle-aged housewife with pains in her legs, who had had other treatment—but to no avail. "I can't promise anything," the doctor told the housewife. "But massage with adrenaline cream can relieve the pain and increase your movements." After three visits to the clinic this is her verdict: "I can walk, run upstairs, drive the car. And I can get a good night's rest. It's wonderful."

It seemed almost unbelievable. But I found more scientific evidence when I questioned the doctor about his methods. I learned that he had been a sufferer from rheumatism himself, and had spent years investigating the causes of his complaint. Eventually he hit upon two facts, on which the whole of his subsequent work has been based.

First, he found that the root of your rheumatism is seldom to be found in the place where you actually feel the pain. Usually, the real trouble lies elsewhere—in hard little knots of muscle that have contracted into a state of convulsive cramp and "trigger off" pain elsewhere in your body. For this reason these knots of cramped muscle are commonly referred to as "trigger spots." Thus, when the old lady hobbled in with the pain round her knee, the doctor soon discovered that the pain stemmed from a "trigger spot" in her buttock. By massaging this "trigger spot" he was able to relieve the muscle cramp and ease the pain.

Secondly, he discovered that the effects of massage can be radically improved by using a special cream, which he devised and which contains a minute quantity—only one part in five

Continued on page 25

I talked to patients who got astonishing relief from this treatment

Lord Russell, the eminent author and public figure, and for long a sufferer from rheumatism, is a firm believer in the new adrenaline cream treatment. Recently he was questioned by Douglas Warth about his experience. Below are his answers, some of which were heard on ITV.

"I ask LORD RUSSELL of Liverpool why?"

Q Lord Russell, why have we still over three million people in Britain crippled with lumbago, sciatica, fibrositis—rheumatism generally?

A Because they haven't yet learned about "trigger spots" and the way Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream gets rid of them and relieves the pain they cause.

Q What are these "trigger spots"?

A A brilliant Harley Street doctor has discovered that we get these rheumatic pains when some of our muscles bind into hard, cramped little lumps, usually about the size of a pea. Those are the "trigger spots."

Q And that's where you feel the pain, is it?

A Not necessarily. The pain may be a long way from the "trigger spot" that causes it. What happens is that the muscle fibres in these knotty lumps have gone into a state of cramp. This reduces the flow of blood and causes the cramp to stay and even to spread to surrounding muscles.

Q And how do you treat the complaint?

A Get rid of the "trigger spot" and you get rid of the pain that the "trigger spot" causes. That's where Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream is vital. Rub it lightly over the "trigger spot" and it relaxes the muscles. Then massage the spot away by rubbing the cream in harder.

Q You really believe that it works?

A I not only believe it—I *know* it. I've done it, and got relief. And so have thousands of others.

Q I can see one snag. How do you find these "trigger spots"?

A "Trigger spot" charts are supplied with every jar and tube of Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream, which is on sale at all chemists. So people can treat themselves at home, as I did.

JOHN BULL

189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

CHANCERY 3344 DECEMBER 28, 1957 VOLUME 102 NUMBER 2687

IN THIS ISSUE

Stories

MAN IN THE SHADOW — *by Elizabeth Milne* — 5
THE CURE — *by Lionel Davidson* — 15
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW — *by Peter de Vries* — 18

Articles

LAURENCE HARVEY LIVES THE PART — *by Francis Hitching* — 8
PUPPET KINGS OF THE AIR — *by John Saunders* — 10
NURSEMAID ON SEAL-ISLAND — *by Alan Lloyd* — 11
HEAVEN AT TENPENCE A QUARTER — *by Anthony Hancox* — 14
THE DAY CHRIST WAS BORN — *by Robert Holles* — 16

Serial

TREASON ROCK (Part 4) — *by Victor Canning* — 12

Features

FREE SPEECH: 4. THE COVER: 4. CHRISTMAS: 20, 21, 25, 26. WHY?: 20. JOKES: 21, 22, 25, 26, 28, 30. DECEMBER 31: 24. A MEAL TO REMEMBER: 29.

REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Peter Dunn and his wife. A mystic helps him to write

ON a window sill in the Brighton, Sussex, home of Peter Dunn stands a clay figurine of a lean old Chinaman with a staff. "He knows that he'll soon die," says Dunn, "but he's laughing. He's a mystic who has achieved enlightenment, so the bitter weather no longer bothers him. He's often bobbing about in the back of my mind and he was doing so when I wrote my poem "December 31." [Page 24.]

The Chinese figurine is one of a pair which Dunn, a thirty-nine year old primary schoolteacher with two schoolgirl daughters, found in a local antique shop.

He was haggling over the price when a crowd of rowdy schoolboys gathered outside the window. "I went out and drove them away—using my best schoolmaster's voice," says Dunn. "The dealer was so grateful that he knocked five shillings off the price and I got my Chinamen for ten."

Dunn has been president of Brighton and Hove Poetry Centre for the past four years. He worries because he feels that too few young people are interested in poetry today. "My own daughters aren't enthusiastic," he says, "but the last thing I would do is to try to force it on them. That's a sure way of building up a life-long resistance."

He began writing poetry ten years ago. The splendours of the Sussex downs give him many of his ideas and others grow from his love of music, "particularly Sibelius, because he writes mood music and I try to write mood poems. My one regret is that I can't play an instrument—although I once learned to play 'John Peel' on a recorder."

EVERY summer for years past Mrs. Elizabeth Milne, a soft-spoken Scottish housewife of forty, and her husband have gone away at holiday times in search of loneliness.

Their quest has taken them many times to the Hebrides, and during their holidays they have stayed in crofts and farms on almost all the inhabited islands. Mrs. Milne's story *Man In The Shadow*, which begins on page 5, is about a lonely woman in peril—although, she hastens to add, the only unpleasant thing that seems to happen to lonely folk in the Hebrides is that they get "a bit wet a bit too often."

Shortly before her marriage to an oil company director soon after the war, Elizabeth Milne decided to have a crack at writing "just for the fun of it." The result so far is a dozen radio plays, two full-length plays, one of which has been produced in London, twenty-one one-act plays, scores of short stories and two novels, the second of which, called *The Carpenter Case*, is to be published in February. Looking back on her progress Mrs. Milne says: "I seem to have been very fortunate."

The Milnes live in a five-room suburban bungalow in Johnstone, near Glasgow, and after spending the morning on housework Mrs. Milne settles down to a brief spell of writing. She writes again from 11 p.m. until one in the morning—"which I find is the best time of the night for plot-forming."

SPARKLING Party Planning Issue of IDEAL HOME

Crammed with new practical inexpensive ideas

IDEAL HOME bubbles over with ideas for a wide range of home entertainment. PLUS special articles on starting a garden and on home insulation.

£250 cash must be won — FREE in fascinating holiday competition

Lovely full-colour photographs

*

The crowded, lavishly illustrated pages of IDEAL HOME's January issue bring you inspiration for scores of new angles on parties. There are brilliant glowing *full-colour* photographs like the one reproduced (left) in black and white. Here, in this big issue, is all you need to know about the secrets of successful, *pleasurable* party-giving. All this in addition to the regular features that make IDEAL HOME Britain's first and greatest authority on home-making! Get your copy *now*.

Deliciously Different Buffets. How to prepare 2 complete buffets. Easily adaptable to any number of guests. Comprehensive menus.

8 Round-the-world Cocktail Savouries. Exotic, exciting—but easy to prepare! From Europe, Asia, the South Seas, they come, yet they're quickly made from everyday ingredients.

11 Wonderful Meals—Out Of Tins! How to conjure up 11 wonderful meals using only tinned foods.

23 Party Games For Young And Old. A wide selection involving guesswork, teamwork, or paperwork.

4 Party Themes For Children And Teenagers. Full, easy-to-follow instructions, detailed illustrations.

HOW TO PLAN CHILDREN'S ROOMS!

Important feature on planning all sorts of playrooms and nurseries. How to build them or adapt other rooms. What furniture and equipment to buy, how much to spend. A two-purpose room. Intriguing photo-tour of other people's houses, large and small, planned to incorporate children's rooms.

IDEAL HOME
MAGAZINE

JAN. ISSUE—OUT NOW—2/3

Free Speech

- **Teaching our teenagers how to live**
- **Keeping in with the Joneses**
- **Celebrations for the greedy English**

OUR schools teach most things, but not the arts which will smooth a child's way through the miseries of adolescence.

If a maths lesson or two were scrapped in favour of instruction in etiquette and ballroom dancing; if a lesson on the technique of tipping took the place of one on medieval history, and if children practised conversation rather than calculus, there might be an end to the nervous crowd of misfit youths at the dance hall who are too shy to be anything but boorish.

Certainly this sort of instruction should come from the parents, but how many of them are socially confident enough to give it? Somebody's got to break the vicious circle.—MRS. R. D., Stoneygate, Leicester.

Women And Song

Why do female singers seem to be losing popularity? Ten years ago Vera Lynn, Dorothy Squires, Jo Stafford and Doris Day were all the rage. Today it's Tommy Steele, Frankie

Vaughan, Elvis the Pelvis and Frank Sinatra who are top of the popularity polls.—M. R. C. HORRELL, Fidlas Road, Llanishen, Cardiff.

"Blame rock 'n' roll and skiffle for becoming popular at the same time," says a variety agent. "But the pendulum is bound to swing back. Doris Day, Anne Shelton and Shirley Bassey have all made best-selling recordings in the past year."

Hazardous X-rays

In 1956 a Medical Research Council report said that radiation hazards in everyday life should not be disregarded, and that present medical X-ray practices in particular should be reviewed, since they are one of the greater sources of man-made radiation. But has anything been done to implement this recommendation, or is mass-radiography and other X-ray work being quietly carried on as before because it would be inconvenient to develop safer methods of diagnosis?

The man who is required by his employers to undergo an annual chest X-ray, as a TB check, is entitled, now that the method has been questioned, to a full and searching inquiry and an authoritative answer.—S. W., Bath, Somerset.

"This is a question of balancing risks," says a doctor. "Where annual chest X-ray is required, the risks are taken into account and do not add up to anything like a sufficient reason for neglecting this important health matter. Where the Medical Research Council report has had a considerable effect is in reducing the total number of X-rays taken in any one individual case. Nowadays, radiologists are often content with two X-rays where previously they might have taken six or eight."

Obsolete Edwardians

I have just received a letter bearing a 1937 Coronation postage stamp. Can one continue to use stamps whatever their age?—MRS. B. SEE, Chapel Road, Flitwick, Bedfordshire.

"No," says a G.P.O. spokesman. "The only stamps now valid are those dating from the reign of George V onward."

Tapping Resources

It's time that the out-of-date and unfair method of water rating was revised. When an addition was built to our bungalow the rates were almost doubled and, since the water rate is proportional to the general rate, it did likewise, even though there was no alteration in the water system in the bungalow. Why should the water company have this free extra income?—E. F. NEWMAN, Wildwood Avenue, Bricket Wood, Watford, Herts.

"The bigger the house, the more people can live in it," says a water board official. "More people use more water, so up goes the rate. The important thing is not that more people do live there, but that more people could."

Parent Teachers

We're always hearing about inadequacies in our education system—shortage of staff, lack of space and so on. But nobody praises the busy parents who do so much to make this inadequate system a success. Parents swot Latin and French verbs, and plunge into the forgotten territory of algebra and physics—all for the sake of puzzled children who, because of the large

classes, come home "without a clue." Parents are the silent strugglers without whose help much of the teacher's work would be fruitless. I shudder to think of the plight of the average boy and girl who receives no help at home.—MRS. D. BRIER, Ovenden Wood Road, Pellon, nr. Halifax, Yorkshire.

Suburban Jungle Law

Because she never makes or shows interest in malicious remarks about neighbours, my wife has avoided the worst suburban pitfalls, like offending the church clique, the group which holds afternoon bridge parties—and the three outcasts who are so house-proud and uppish that they don't even speak to each other.

So she is one of the few women in the road on speaking terms with everybody.

But if she once joined any of the little clubs and cliques she would soon find herself caught up in the strange suburban jungle law: "Those who aren't with us must be against us, so slap 'em down."

The trouble is that most women can never maintain an aquaintanceship without getting it tangled up in their emotions. After six years in our road I'm more than ever glad that I'm a man.—C. F., North London.

Strictly Cash

Railway officials at Lincoln might have fallen over themselves to help the German mother-in-law of G. C. Taylor of Nottinghamshire ("Free Speech," November 30), but my son's experience was very different.

He arrived at a station on his way to a funeral only to find that he had forgotten his wallet. At the ticket office he offered a cheque or his watch as security for the 2s. 1d. ticket he needed. Both were refused.

At the stationmaster's office the clerk wouldn't even listen to him. In the end he went to a police station where the sergeant made him a private loan of 5s.—MRS. TERESA FITZPATRICK, Primrose Gardens, London, N.W.3.

"Cheques are only taken as payment for season tickets," says a British Railways spokesman. "They are not taken from casual passengers. In an emergency the stationmaster might, at his discretion, issue a ticket on receipt of a promise to pay later. But he is certainly not obliged to do this."

Pay And Pay Again

When I bought my house, the road in which it stands was unmade. It has since been made up by the local council, and in common with the other householders I have paid a large sum for the amenity. Since I have paid so highly I am surely entitled to park my car on the piece of road immediately in front of the house without charge, even if the council were to install a parking meter there.—L. MORRISON, Princes Avenue, Petts Wood, Kent.

"If, when the road was made up, it was adopted by the council, you have no right to any form of exclusive use of it," says a lawyer. "If parking meters were installed, you would have to pay. If the road was not adopted, you and the other householders would exercise rights of ownership over it, but would also be responsible for its maintenance."

Hogging The Many?

I think that we English are overgreedy, celebrating both Christmas and the New Year. Surely one holiday from work, one vast feast and one overdose of festive spirit (in both senses) is enough.

The growing custom of having a second binge only a week after Christmas seems to me to be merely an excuse for gluttony and drinking.

Why not leave Hogmanay to the Scots? They, after all, work over the Christmas period, choosing to celebrate at another time.—F. M., Yeadon, Yorkshire.

Motorist Incognito

While driving in a town near my home I saw a friend I hadn't seen for years. He was at the wheel of a car so I took the number and wrote to the police, asking for his address. They replied that "the information cannot be

given in the circumstances." But what objection can there be?—P. K. S. WALKER, Whitburn Colliery, Sunderland.

"Local licensing authorities may supply this information at their discretion if they feel that the reason for seeking it is good enough," says a Ministry of Transport spokesman. "They might, in any case, forward a letter to the friend as a courtesy."

Bridge Tolls

Despite nationalization and road taxes, a form of legalized piracy is still being practised in the toll charges made for crossing bridges—for example the sixpence charged by British Railways at Shoreham, Sussex. Is this medieval custom still legal and binding?—C. M., Sussex.

Like all toll bridges, this one is authorized by Act of Parliament. Toll money has been used to maintain the bridge since 1780 and it became railway property in 1862. There is a free bridge less than a quarter of a mile away.

There are sixty-one toll bridges in England, Wales and Scotland, forty-seven toll roads and three toll footpaths.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

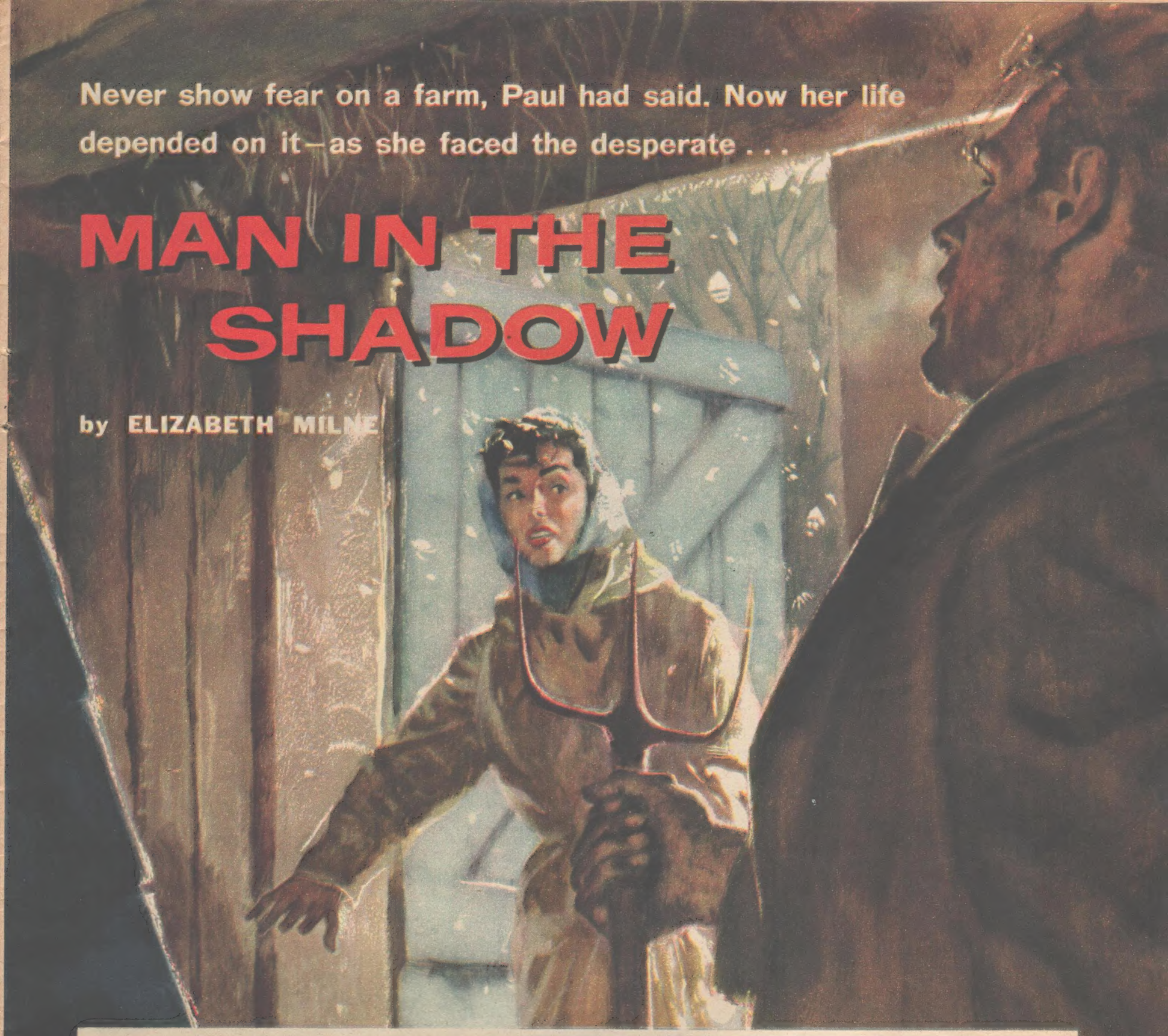
THE COVER

AND now it's Christmas, season of turkey and tinsel, carols and crackers, goodwill and gifts . . . *gifts!* So here's a very special welcome to Grandfather and Grandmother Santa Claus, fulfilling in old age that age-old rôle that keeps us all young, and bringing, like all grandparents, armfuls of good things for everyone. Perhaps artist Petts's cover children have guessed by now that in this jet age Santas no longer soil their clothes in chimneys. But does it matter if they do come through the front door, so long as they always bring the spirit of Christmas with them?

Never show fear on a farm, Paul had said. Now her life depended on it—as she faced the desperate . . .

MAN IN THE SHADOW

by ELIZABETH MILNE



Mardi froze. "Who are you?" she demanded loudly. But already she knew

To cross the yard, Mardi wrapped a man's oilskin around her tall body and a blue woollen scarf around her head. But as she opened the back door of the farmhouse, the tearing wind chilled her scalp and ears and plastered the stiff, unwieldy coat hamperingly against her limbs.

The two heavy pails, full of steaming mash, swung and clanked from her hands as, head down, she struggled towards the outbuildings. Suddenly, before she reached their shelter, a solid handful of sharp hailstones hit her in the face with the viciousness of thrown pebbles.

Mercy on poor souls without shelter on such a night, she thought.

As she put down the pails to wrestle with the rusty padlock of the barn, Mardi glanced back over her shoulder beyond the yard and the low grey house to the rolling hump of the far hills. The storm was coming all right. She could see it writhing up the valley in white wreaths of hail, pure as bonfire smoke against the bruised sky.

Clanking, she went through the barn and the hayloft to the cowshed and dairy; then, last of the line, to the henhouses. Paul had built them all under one roof. There were stout doors between them as well as the usual doors to the yard, so that in wild weather there was only one short trip from kitchen to barn to be faced without cover.

She emptied the hens' food into the troughs, rinsed the pails and brought fresh water, then put the eggs she found into the bottom of one of the buckets. Sixteen. Not too bad for the time of year.

The cows swung their heads to watch her as she went by, and Mardi grinned at old Betsy in the end stall. "Pampered old plague, that's what you are," she said, "slummocking there as mournful as the Day of Judgment. Have patience and I'll 'tend to you, old beauty."

She went back and forth, pulling down armfuls of fodder and stacking it before the somnolent animals. Paul had said he'd be back for the milking, but if he weren't she'd come out again after the baby was bedded.

"There you are." She gave Betsy a final truss. Then, the

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

pails slung over one arm, she came through into the big barn. An odd shadow caught the corner of her eye but, when she looked, it was only the queer angular shape of the new combine reaper Paul had bought in the spring.

Four hundred pounds it had cost. At the time she had grudged the money, for it had seemed then as though she couldn't face another bitter winter without a new stove in the kitchen; but here it was the end of December, Christmas week, and still no new stove and she was none the worse.

Back in the autumn she had been sick and silly after the baby. But that was all over now. She was strong again, and she didn't get so riled with the crotchety old stove, and the new reaper had paid for itself twice over, Paul said. They had much to be thankful for this Christmas.

She tightened the scarf under her chin and tightened the muscles of her face against the flailing wind as she stepped outside. Then, staring downwards through narrowed eyes, she halted.

The yard, rock-hard after two weeks' freezing, was already coated with crusty pellets of hail. Small drifts of them bowled along the ground and found a mounting harbourage against the walls of the barn, and some of them had blown inside to come to rest in a coarse powdering on the stone floor.

What arrested her, however, was not the transforming veil of whiteness but a faint marring of its surface. Footsteps; long, slim footsteps; not dark as in snow, but white where the weight of the walker had crushed the particles of ice into impacted prints.

"Paul," she called, and turned back into the barn. "Paul, are you there?"

There was no reply, no movement.

"Who's there?" she called again sharply, and stared frowningly into the big barn's darkening corners.

She took another step inside. There was a flick at the edge of her vision. And then she saw him, flat against the wall behind the upturned cart, his wild eyes catching a gleam of whiteness from the whiteness outside, and the same gleam of light shining in three separate points on the tines of the big pitchfork he held against her.

Mardi froze, the sound of her caught breath as loud as a gasp in her ears.

"Who are you?" she demanded loudly, though already she knew. "What are you doing here?"

The sound of the telephone ripped suddenly through the kitchen again as they stared into each

He was short of breath. He must have made a dash for the barn while she was inside, hoping for shelter, hoping she wouldn't see him. If only she had gone straight out, padlocked the door. . . . But then he might have attacked Paul when he came across the yard later for the milking.

She couldn't retreat. There wouldn't be time to snatch the doors together and get the padlock across before he was on her.

"Put that thing down," she said angrily. "What do you think you're doing?"

The eyes fixed on her face were flared to their widest, as though they were trying to see on all sides at once.

"Who were you talking to? In there?" His voice was a fierce whisper, rusty with cold.

"Nobody."

"I heard you. Who's in there?" The points of light on the end of the pitchfork weren't steady. They trembled very slightly like stars in a frosty sky.

"Oh, talking. I was talking to the cows." With surprise, Mardi listened to the flick of impatient scorn in her voice. She didn't feel scornful. She was rigid with fear. "What do you want?" she demanded again, hardily.

He gave a strange gasp. "I'm starved. Food. You've got eggs there."

"Raw." Her brain, until now shocked into impotence, began to race. Never turn your back on a tetchy animal, Paul had taught her; never move without control; never show fear. *Never show fear.*

"You don't want to eat them raw, do you?" she asked.

"Leave them." The eyes glared at her out of a face dark grey under an unkempt stubbling of black hair.

Suddenly she saw something she had been too petrified to notice before. The man was backed against the wall, propped against it as though his legs no longer had the strength to support his entire weight. It was too dim to see more than that, and the febrile eyes and the quivering pitchfork. How long had he been in the open? Four days? A week? In this paralysing weather.

"You're ill," she said. "I can't leave you here in this state."

"I need food," he defied her, "that's all."

"Then wait here while I go back to the kitchen and fetch you something to eat. Something hot."

His teeth showed mirthlessly. "While you telephone?"

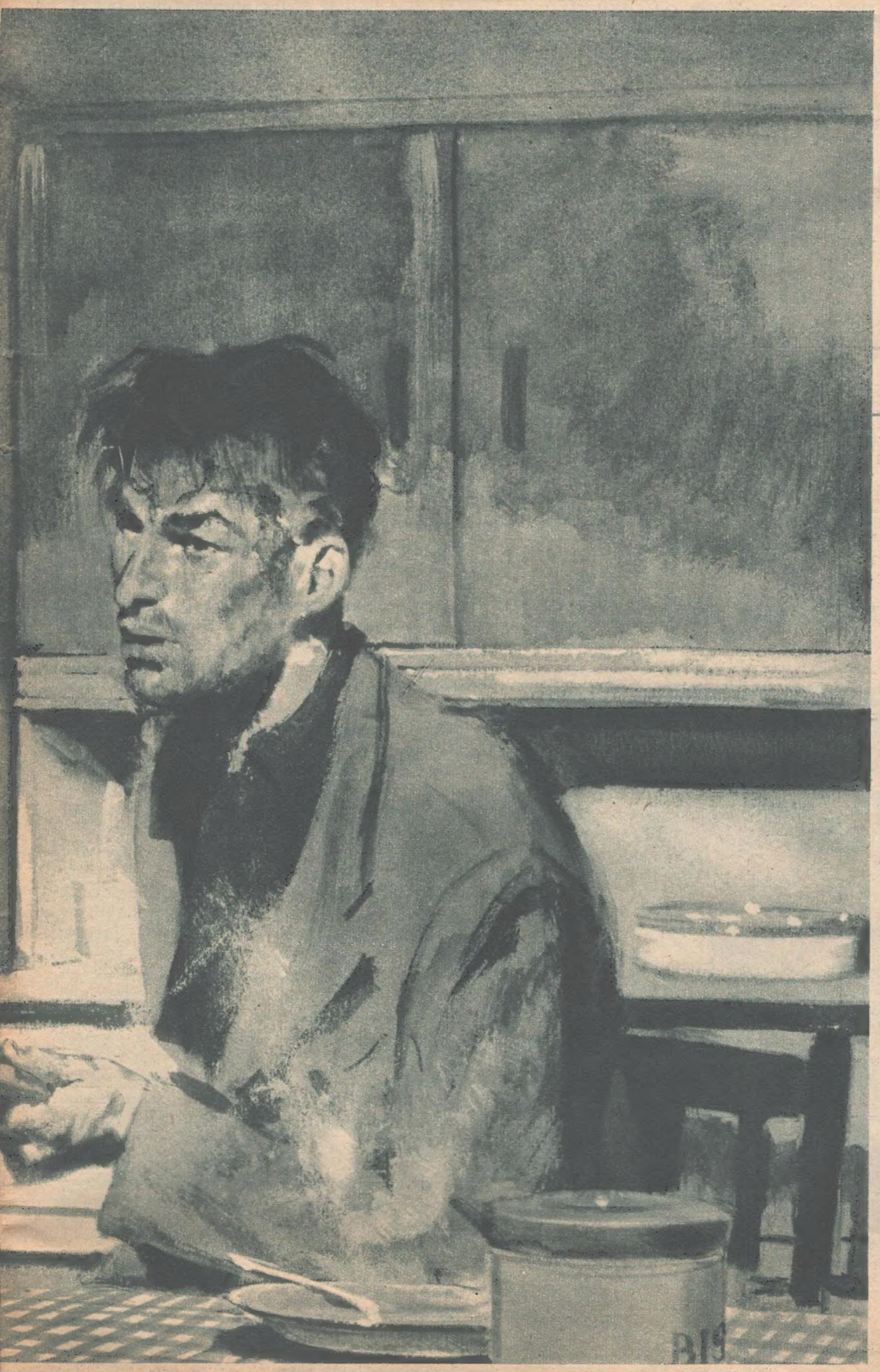
"All right. If you don't trust me. . . ."

"I don't. Who is Paul?"

"My husband."

"He's not here, is he? He went off down the hill this morning."

She was silent then, but he voiced her



other's eyes above the gun barrel. "I must answer it," Mardi insisted desperately. "I must!"

thought. "I know you're alone. I've been watching this place all day."

Her heart shrank, but she said calmly enough: "Then what are you afraid of?" When he made no reply, she swung round very slowly and moved her foot towards the door. "I'm going now. You can come with me or not, as you wish. I shall come back with some hot food, and blankets." *Not blankets,* she retracted immediately, *he could tear blankets. And no food that needed cutlery. A bowl of soup.*

If she were quick enough and he weren't expecting it, she might be able to get the padlock on as she went out. If not, it might be possible to lock him in later while his attention was taken up by the food. Paul might be back by then.

"I'll come with you," he said harshly.

With an effort he thrust away from the wall and came towards her. The pitchfork in his hands warned her not to hope too much from his weakness.

"Come on then," she said flatly.

Outside she braced herself against the violence of the wind and heard him stagger at her heels as it struck him. Panting, keeping the width of the doorway between them, he sidled out like a nervous horse and paused, swaying, while she slammed the two sections into place and led the way across the yard.

Mardi was no longer scheming ahead, but overcoming each tense minute as it arrived. As they came to the house, she glanced irritably over her shoulder.

"You'll leave that fork outside. You don't clutter my kitchen with that great clumsy thing." She watched his face tighten with menace and injected more exasperation into her voice. "If you must have a weapon, there's a gun through here on the wall. I use it to scare the crows."

Leaving him there, she jerked up the latch and walked inside. After a long moment, she heard the scuffle of his feet on the tiled entry and called: "Make sure the door is fastened properly, it rattles in a wind like this."

His hands, blue, chafed at the wrists, were empty. In spite of his darting eyes, which flew and fastened at once on the gun, an immense slackening of relief sent her breath out in a quiet sigh. Never show fear. It worked. Paul knew.

Unable to speak, she signalled to a chair in front of the red-hot stove and, again after a suspicious pause, he made that odd, sidling movement towards it.

My Heaven, she thought, *plimsolls! And no coat. He ought to be dead.*

He couldn't decide whether to watch her movements, or for a chance to snatch at the gun. The holly wreath above it and the bright maypole festoonings of the Christmas decorations seemed to startle and confuse him.

Then, as she unwound the blue scarf and struggled out of Paul's coat, Mardi saw the warmth reach out and engulf him. His ill-shod feet stumbled on the edge of the rug and he saved himself from a burn on the stove top only by half-pitching, half-sagging into the chair.

Tears of fatigue started to his eyes and to conceal them he rubbed a dirty, discoloured hand in a gesture of fury across his brow.

She worked neatly, as she always did, with no clatter, setting soup to heat, beating eggs, throwing a coloured cloth over the table, buttering bread; and then wiping the knife clean and thrusting it far to the back of the drawer, out of quick reach; laying his place with a spoon and fork only.

Everything was done by instinct, without any conscious thought or decision on her part, because all her powers of perception were centred on his restless, unco-ordinated movements. She knew when he uncovered his face. She sensed the pain in his frozen fingers and feet as the thawing blood reached them. She felt in her own body the vibration of the rigour which seized and shook him until his teeth chattered in helpless misery.

"You ought to be seen by a doctor." She frowned over him uneasily until the shuddering lessened.

"It doesn't last. I'm strong. Could do with some whisky. . . ."

"Not on an empty stomach." Her refusal was prompt and definite. "But the soup is ready for you."

He looked at her with a kind of wonder. "You know who I am?"

"Yes."

"That I've come from the Big House?"

She nodded.

"They're hunting for me. Did you know that?"

"Of course. It's been on the wireless and in the papers." She gave him the steaming bowl and saw him swallow once, twice, before he dipped the spoon in her gravy-thick broth. "They'll hunt till they find you, you know." *And it won't be long now,* she thought compassionately. *My husband is out hunting for you, but he'll sleep in his own bed tonight."*

She noticed he ate ravenously and quickly, but with the neat dispatch of somebody trained from childhood to good manners. Dangerous soul he

Continued on page 22

He's a fiery, temperamental star, and more so when others are watching. In any cast he sees himself playing the lead

Laurence Harvey lives the part

by FRANCIS HITCHING

In Hollywood, Harvey starred in *King Richard And The Crusaders*. He came back to Britain to improve his acting

Harvey's thirty films include the comedy *Three Men In A Boat*. He has also played Shakespeare at Stratford

In *I Am A Camera*, Harvey co-starred with Julie Harris. After a row with the director he walked from the set

At Malta, Harvey rehearses for his part in *The Silent Enemy*, a new film about the frogman, Commander Crabb

As the last of the audience filed out of the auditorium of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford on Avon, the athletic figure of Laurence Harvey, still dressed as Orlando, walked jauntily on to the stage in front of the safety curtain. He claims that he was merely trying to move from one side to the other because scene-shifting was going on behind.

However, he was seen by the house manager of the theatre, who, according to Harvey, "rudely and boorishly told me to get back-stage where I belonged." Enraged, Harvey leaped down. The man fled for safety. In the ensuing chase through the theatre Harvey knocked over an usherette, arrived at the house manager's office just as the door was slammed in his face.

Other members of the theatre staff who had heard the commotion dragged him protesting away, and next morning he was called in by the theatre's business manager, who threatened to cancel his contract. Harvey pledged to keep the peace, and was allowed to stay for the rest of the season.

"That's the sort of behaviour," says a friend, "which has given him the reputation of being emotionally unstable." Harvey's ten-year career as an actor has been chequered by outbursts which, he says, he "just can't help." At twenty-nine, he is currently appearing in New York in a production of *The Country Wife*. He plays a handsome, amusing, seductive dandy, and fully enjoys every minute of it. He has been in nearly thirty films, including *Romeo And Juliet, I Am A Camera* and *Three Men In A Boat*. He has played leading parts during two seasons at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. People who know him can remember a number of occasions when he has been moved to punch someone (although for one reason or another he has never actually struck a blow).

Throughout a winter's day in 1954, actors and staff at Shepperton studios, near London, plodded through rehearsals for a long and difficult scene in the film *I Am A Camera*. Annoyed by some minor setbacks, Harvey was smoking heavily. The director, Henry Cornelius, shouted at him: "Larry, how on earth can you expect to act if you smoke all the time you're supposed to be thinking about your part?"

Harvey angrily told Cornelius: "I can act with or without a cigarette. But I can't act for a man who makes such futile remarks about my behaviour." He stamped off to his dressing-room.

Cornelius rang the producer of the film, who rushed to the set. The associate producer and the assistant director also joined the conference to decide what should be done to make Harvey work again. It was forty-five minutes before Cornelius went to the dressing-room to ask Harvey to continue filming.

Harvey bawled out a refusal in a voice loud enough to be heard down the corridor, and threatened to punch Cornelius's nose. Cornelius retreated. Not until the following morning did Harvey's temperament subside sufficiently to let him start acting again.

On another occasion during the same film he grew irritated with the way he thought Shelley Winters was trying to dictate camera angles. At the end of one dissertation between her and Cornelius, he told her sharply: "Miss Winters, there are other stars in this picture besides yourself, and life would be a great deal easier if you stopped making interruptions."

Filming proceeded smoothly afterwards, though a technician on the set at the time says: "If Shelley Winters had answered back, Harvey was in the mood for a row."

Harvey claims to be nervous and insecure deep down inside, though he adds: "One tries not to show one's innermost emotions." Immediately before an audition for *Hassan*, in which he played his first major London rôle, he was physically sick with apprehension. Actress Hermione Baddeley, who was with him for lunch shortly

Harvey and Margaret Leighton after their marriage. Their wedding cake bore their names. He took care not to damage his in the cutting

before he was sick, says it may have been caused by nerves, but equally may have been something in the food.

All who know him agree that if Harvey is shy by nature, he has made a successful attempt to subdue this aspect of his character. Film producer John Woolf finds him "refreshingly extroverted," and Harvey freely admits that he once had the reputation of being the most conceited actor in England.

When he came to Britain from South Africa in 1946 he had already developed a number of fastidious and unconventional tastes. When he lived in Notting Hill Gate, London, the water pipes in his flat froze during the severe winter of 1947. Every morning and evening he went to the fire-hose stopcock on the corner of the street, turned on the water and scrubbed his teeth there.

He was at that time an unknown repertory actor, and he has since worked assiduously as his own publicity agent to make his flamboyant habits as widely known as possible. He has posed for his tailor's advertisements. He wears elastic-sided boots—which he considers more elegant and comfortable than laced shoes—embroidered waistcoats, silk shirts and drainpipe trousers. When petrol rationing was enforced during the Suez hostilities, he laid up his Rolls-Royce, but kept the chauffeur, who drove him to and from the theatre on a motor-scooter.

John Goodwin, a friend since his first season at Stratford in 1952, says that Harvey's extravagant habits are a mixture of what he likes doing, and what he wants the public to see him doing. On a sunny June morning in 1953, clothed in white trousers and a striking pale blue sweater, he breakfasted on champagne with Goodwin in Stratford's oldest hotel. "He relished every moment," says Goodwin. "He likes champagne, and he loved watching the tourists' faces when he asked for it."

Even in Hollywood, the home of publicity stunts, his extroverted behaviour attracted notice when he went there for screen tests in 1952. At one party all guests were told to attend in the character of the person they most admired. Amid a selection of Churchills, Roosevelts, Eisenhowers and Hammarskjölds, he arrived dressed as Laurence Harvey, wearing his usual clothes and talking all night in his normal voice.

Harvey's well-known ego often contrasts strongly with his determination to achieve fame as an actor as well as a playboy.

Jimmy Edwards, the comedian, agrees that there is a big difference between Harvey's public and working characteristics. In a canteen of the film studio where *Three Men In A Boat* was being made, Harvey twice sent back a plate of food because it was not prepared as he liked it. Edwards, sitting opposite, said loudly: "For pity's sake, need we have drama at lunch-time?"

But the next day, on location on the River Thames, Harvey, Edwards and actor David Tomlinson had to fall several times out of a rowing-boat into the water. "Tomlinson and I were tired, cold and grumbling long before the end," says Edwards. "Harvey didn't protest once."

In 1952 Harvey gave up the chance of a 25,000 dollars a year contract in Hollywood to act at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre for £50 a week. Peter Glenville, the producer, says: "Harvey is sure that one day he will be Britain's top actor. He has the personality to achieve this, and is doing his best to get the experience." Another producer once told him bluntly: "You're a good enough actor not to need to show off."

Harvey's critics say that although he has proved himself a first-class light comedian and is among the leading half-dozen actors of his age, he has yet to make the grade in poetic drama. His performances in *Romeo And Juliet* and *Troilus And Cressida* were almost universally criticized because he was unable to speak the poetry with any feeling. Harvey's own comment is: "Sir Laurence Olivier was not acclaimed as Romeo until he was forty-five. That gives me fifteen years to reach the same standard."

Harvey started his impatient drive to the top at an early age. Born in 1928 in Yonishkis, Lithuania, he moved with his parents to South Africa when he was four.

With his service gratuity and savings he came to Britain in 1946, studied for three months (instead of the normal two years) at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, then played juvenile leads at the Intimate Theatre, Manchester. Three years later, aged twenty-two, he had played in fourteen films.

He left Associated British Pictures at the end of 1950 after a row in which he demanded a higher salary. Almost broke, he started a round of party-going during which he became well enough known to be invited to play at Stratford in 1952. During the same period he attracted the attention of Jimmy Woolf, a director of Romulus Films, with a speech at a party in which he mimicked the characteristics of several prominent film producers. Woolf immediately offered him a five-year contract, now succeeded by a £250,000 seven-year contract.

Harvey's penetrating sense of humour gets him invited to three or four parties a week, where he is noted for his practical joking. A year ago he suspected that a fellow guest, an American salesman of dry-cleaning machinery, was at a party only for the contacts and sales he might make.

Harvey arranged to be introduced to the American as a Czechoslovakian dry cleaning magnate. Throughout the evening he spoke in the heavy Lithuanian accent which he had picked up from his father, and succeeded in persuading the American to arrange a film show and exhibition of machinery for him the following week.

"The exhibition duly took place, though I had no intention of turning up," says Harvey. "I just wanted to give him a lesson in abusing other people's hospitality." THE END

The most resourceful model aircraft enthusiast seeks out open spaces such as Epsom Downs; the most up-to-date uses radio-control

Puppet kings of the air

by JOHN SAUNDERS

There's not much that Britain's model planes won't do. Their down-to-earth pilots make them zoom at seventy miles an hour—or even hop the Channel

A FRENCH customs officer at Dieppe, inspecting a British aeromodelling team's luggage, called his colleagues over to show them a dismantled model plane. The Frenchmen became so enthusiastic about it that Eddie Cosh, the team's manager, unpacked all the boxes to show them the different models. "We even had to assemble one on the spot," says Cosh, who has taken British aeromodelling teams to America and almost every country in Europe to compete in world championships.

Interest in model aircraft has grown tremendously since the war, especially in this country. Before the war there were a hundred aeromodelling clubs in Britain. Today there are more than five hundred, and the number of model aircraft enthusiasts is now estimated at more than 100,000.

At least a thousand model aircraft shops cope with the demand for model kits, and £350,000 worth of kits, engines and accessories were exported from Britain last year.

Model aircraft rallies attract as many as 25,000 spectators. Peter Sellers, the *Goon Show* comedian, is an active aeromodeller, and Peter Twiss, the world's air speed record holder, and John Cunningham, de Havilland's chief test pilot, encourage aeromodellers by attending rallies, judging contests and presenting trophies.

Model flying in this country is controlled by the Society of Model Aeronautical Engineers, which organizes national and international contests, negotiates with government departments and local authorities, and sends four teams abroad each year to compete in international competitions.

"Sending a team abroad may cost several hundred pounds, but we feel this is repaid by the prestige the teams and their models win for Britain in the competitions," says Cosh. At the world model speed championships in Italy last year, Ray Gibbs, a twenty-one year old Londoner, set up a new world model speed record of 139.8 m.p.h., and won the individual model speed championship.

Designs for model aircraft have kept pace with developments in real aviation, and realistic models of famous fighters, bombers and helicopters can be built to scale.

Model aircraft come in three general classes—free-flight, control-line and radio-control. The glider is the most popular of the free-flight models and can be designed to stay in the air for more than seven hours.

Control-line models, flown on long wires connected to a grip held by the flier, were first introduced in the United States in the early 1940s. Fitted with diesel, petrol or jet engines, these models can perform startling aerobatics, diving and looping at more than 70 m.p.h.

The most recent development in model aircraft is the radio-controlled model. Transmitters and receivers, tuned to a special frequency allocated by the G.P.O., range in price from £10 to £25. The present range of these models is about one thousand yards, but three years ago a radio-control enthusiast flew one of his models across the Channel by controlling it from an Auster aircraft.

Eddie Cosh prepares a model plane entered in this year's world glider championships in Czechoslovakia. He led the British team

Although some people regard model planes as dangerous, there has been only one fatal accident with a model plane in this cauntry. Two years ago a fifteen-year-old Essex boy was flying a control-line model near 11,000-volt high-tension cables when it touched the cables and the boy was electrocuted.

And although there are more than twenty model aircraft rallies in this country each year, there is only one case of a man being seriously injured by a competing plane.

When several county councils were thinking of banning model aircraft in 1950, the Home Office called a meeting of all interested bodies. The reaction of the Home Office was that, far from banning model flying, steps should be taken to make provision for it. By-laws were drawn up which would allow the councils to keep model flying under control, but which would also allow the modellers' activities to continue.

Model aircraft were first made in this country more than a century ago, and models had demonstrated heavier-than-air flight before a full-size aircraft had flown.

At one of the first model aircraft competitions in this country, in 1907, A. V. Roe won a prize of £100 put up by a national newspaper, and spent all this money on building his first full-size aircraft.

Even today there is a close link between model flying and the aircraft industry. Models of full-size aircraft are tested in wind-tunnels and play a vital rôle in the development of any new aircraft.

This year the Queen gave official recognition to Britain's miniature air force by awarding the M.B.E. to Alex Houlberg, chairman of the Society of Model Aeronautical Engineers—the first award ever made for services entirely to the model aircraft movement. THE END

Nursemaid on seal island

by ALAN LLOYD

They are sturdy giants, three thousand strong, with enemies everywhere. A woman braves their snarls to win them friends

HARSH autumn weather made the four-mile sea trip between Sea Houses, on the Northumberland coast, and the group of bleak basaltic rocks known as The Farnes bad enough without fog. As visibility dropped to fifty feet round the open fishing boat in which Grace Hickling and her seal-marking expedition were crossing to the islands, members of the party felt nervous.

Hidden by the fog, the seals wailed mournfully from the rocks. One of the less experienced sealers, noticing a large bubble in the ship's compass, wondered anxiously how the boatman would navigate the reefs.

But Mrs. Hickling, a wartime intelligence officer who is now an amateur naturalist and a fervent champion of the grey seal colony on The Farnes, knew that the craft was not in danger. Indeed, shortly afterwards, still in fog, it pulled safely into a small cove within yards of where they had planned to land.

"As long as we could hear the seals, I was happy," says Grace Hickling. "Seamen who are familiar with The Farnes can judge their position by the sound of the seals on the rocks. They act as foghorns. Local fishermen have a high regard for the animals."

It is not shared, however, by all members of the fishing industry. In Scotland strychnine has been allowed for poisoning fish-bait set for the grey seals. On the Tay a marksman is employed to shoot at them. In Eire a bounty of 10s. a head on the animals led to fishermen raiding the nurseries and decapitating the young.

By marking the animals when they are a few weeks old and recording their movements at later stages of their lives, Mrs. Hickling, a busy Northumbrian widow in her forties, hopes to show that most of the seals do not rob nets in the coastal fishing grounds and estuaries.

The seals frequently resist her aid. During a recent visit to the breeding grounds fifteen cow seals stood their ground, defiantly baring their teeth, when she tried to approach their calves. Several adult animals threatened to charge anyone venturing near. Grey seals are the largest wild mammals breeding in the British Isles. Fully grown, they weigh up to a quarter of a ton each and can inflict a nasty bite. For short distances they are able to drag their eight-foot bodies over the slippery rocks faster than a man can get out of the way.

One large cow hauled out of the water while Mrs. Hickling was looking at its calf, and crept to within a yard of her back. It could have struck her without moving a flipper, by extending its long and powerful neck. Grace Hickling turned slowly and stared the animal in the eye. It allowed her to walk away.

She was less fortunate in dealing with an obstreperous calf which she was helping to hold while an assistant clipped the metal marking tag to its hind flipper. It snapped at her gum-boots and gave her a nasty bite on the foot.

SEALERS often have their trousers ripped by the animals. Grace Hickling was once thrown over and almost pulled into a pool by a young seal. Some calves, however, are lacking in spirit. They capitulate when they are approached, lie motionless and shed large tears.

Thick gloves and strong hands are essential for the job of marking. Young seals have the strength of hefty dogs, and their slippery coats make handling awkward.

Grace Hickling's group of regular sealers includes doctors, nurses, a company representative, an electrical engineering student, and a few housewives. They never question her leadership. Charles Marshall, a sturdy young Scottish enthusiast, says: "Mrs. Hickling gives the orders. If she says we don't eat until we've finished working, then we stay hungry."

During one rough autumn season, Grace Hickling led her helpers on thirty-four occasions to the wet and slimy rocks where the animals

Continued on page 30

Grace Hickling (left) and her helpers are among the seals' few friends. By marking a baby seal with dye they hope to discover how long it lives, and to prove that seals rarely rob fish nets

Arianna ran, swerving towards the cave mouth like a trapped animal. But Mietus, who had killed Torlo, raised his revolver again and fired at her

TREASON ROCK

by VICTOR CANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

Marion's choice was clear: she must betray her fellow exiles. But Colonel Mawzi had read her mind—and he was ruthless with traitors

MAJOR JOHN RICHMOND was shocked. The War Office had sent him to the Atlantic island of Mora to guard Hadid Chebir, exiled leader of the Cyrenian independence movement. Now he knew that his prisoner was not Chebir, but an impostor.

With the false Chebir on Mora were Marion Chebir, the Arab leader's lovely English wife, and Colonel Mawzi, his chief of staff. Richmond had saved Marion from assault by Mawzi. They were in love. . . .

But Mawzi's revenge was near. Sir George Hator, governor of the San Borodon group of islands, was about to visit Mora. Then Walter Mietus would strike. Mietus was one of Mawzi's officers, hiding in the hills of Mora with four trained killers. He would free the exiles. Sir George and Richmond would be held as hostages.

This was not the only trouble threatening the governor. Daphne Burrows, his daughter, was planning to leave her husband for Neil Grayson, Sir George's aide. And Burrows, of the destroyer Dunoon, had received an anonymous letter. . . .

One thing could still wreck Mawzi's plans. Mietus's men had killed a British soldier who encountered them by chance. Torlo, brother of Arianna, the girl the soldier loved, had sworn vengeance. He had tracked Mietus's men to their hideout. Now he and Arianna were returning there—with hand grenades. . . .

PART FOUR

The Plan That Failed

WHEN Torlo and Arianna left the village the moon had long set. The night was a warm, cloaking darkness, full of a waiting silence. It would take them more than an hour to get up to the crater and by that time, Torlo calculated, it would be almost dawn. The light would be just right, dark enough to hide his approach to the cave and yet greying to dawn so that he could see to throw his hand grenades accurately.

He had them in his pocket; four of them—though he knew that two would be enough to do the job. Still, they were old and, if one failed to explode, he wanted to have a reserve.

Halfway up the long slope to La Caldera, they paused for a rest. Before they moved on, Torlo said in a whisper: "When we get to the top, go round and climb down by the pool. When I whistle, come. The grenade will be in my hand and will be thrown as I call thee."

The path was now no more than a dry stream bed running up past the highest terraces of vines and *platanos*. Arianna, moving surely in the darkness, was thinking that after tonight, when the men were killed who had killed March, her soldier, there would be less misery in her; though always he would be in her heart, and always, when she arranged the flowers in the church, she would light a candle for him.

When they reached the crater edge, she was hot and sweating and one wing of her hair had come loose, clamping damply against her face. Torlo put his hand to her arm and pushed her gently away. She left him and began to make her way quietly around the rim of the crater.

Mawzi took Marion's arm. "This is an anxious night," he said. "It is better that we should all spend it together"

Torlo sat down by a boulder below the outer rim of the crater and lit a cigarette, keeping his head down and shielding the glow. He gave Arianna good time to move around and make her way down to the pool.

When he had finished his cigarette, he nipped the glowing end out between his hard finger tips and then rose. He went to the edge of the path down to the crater. The blackness below him was hard and unmarked, like the entrance to a great tunnel that bored into the heart of the world. Very slowly and cautiously he began to move down, keeping one hand on his jacket pocket to stop the movement of the grenades he carried. . . .

Ten yards from the mouth of the cave, he stopped and crouched close to the ground, staring now at the rock face ahead of him. The bleached stems of the bamboo palisade shone whitely.

Inside now they would be sleeping. He could imagine them lying in there on the dry palm fronds, four men asleep and secure, or maybe one would be drowsily on guard, wishing for sleep too.

He stood up slowly, his teeth biting with pleasure into his lower lip as he pulled out two hand grenades. He held one in each hand and worked them round in his palm so that his teeth would come easily to the pins. He took one step forward, his eyes on the gap above the palisade.

He raised his right hand to his mouth and pulled out the pin, spitting it from him. He whistled and then he slung the grenade from him, the striker lever twisting in the air like a dead leaf. With the movement, though his eyes followed it and saw it curve over the top of the bamboos, the other grenade came up to his mouth. He threw it after its fellow and then dropped to the ground, sheltering behind a small boulder which he had marked for the purpose.

THE thing that happened then was a delight to him. As the grenade disappeared over the top of the palisade there came from the bowels of the cave a low, heavy crunch of sound. Then the full blast of the two explosions mingled, bursting in the belly of the rock with a long, throaty rattle.

The palisade was swept away, the white shards of bamboo stick mingled with a cloud of dust and stones. Part of the cave mouth collapsed and rolled forward, making a long slithering sound in the growing morning light.

Torlo stood up. From the greyness to his right Arianna appeared and came to his side. Together they looked at the half-blocked cave mouth. Somewhere inside a rock fell, and then there was silence.

Torlo put out his hand and found Arianna's wrist. "It is done," he said and he breathed deeply, the dust-filled air sweet in his lungs.

"It is done," said Arianna, and very slowly she crossed herself. "And now I would look on them."

Torlo nodded. But before they could move towards the cave, there was a sound behind them, and the sound leaped into Torlo's ears clear and full of meaning. It was the sound of a heavy boot striking against loose rubble; the sound a man makes who no longer cares for caution.

Torlo swung round, stepping in front of Arianna. Facing them on the edges of the open space before the cave were five men.

Torlo cried: "Run!" to Arianna, and pushed

Continued on page 26

An average of half a pound of sweets a week is eaten by every person in Britain. And the preference is for anything tasting of mint

Heaven at tenpence a quarter

by ANTHONY HANCOX

It's a multi-million business in which sputnik specials fight old-time favourites to tempt the sweetest tooth in the world

WITHIN a few hours of reading that the Russians had launched their first space satellite, a London confectionery manufacturer registered the trade name of "Bleep" and ordered a new line at his factory. Tools were quickly improvised to stamp the football shape of a satellite into squares of sweetmeat.

In twenty-four hours the first samples were on their way to agents all over Britain. Soon afterwards children were eating the twopenny sweetmeat "sputniks" at the rate of 400,000 a week.

More chocolate and sweets are eaten per head of the population in Britain than in any other country. Britain's one thousand confectionery manufacturers sold 630,000 tons at home last year for a record retail return of £252 million. The tonnage was equal to half a pound a week for every man, woman and child, and was three ounces more than the average in America, the country with the next biggest sweet tooth.

About five pounds of sugar confectionery were sold to every four of chocolate. In sugar confectionery, thirty-seven per cent of sales were boiled sweets, with toffees and caramels next. But soft sweets such as jellies, fondants and marshmallows are steadily gaining in popularity.

While the Germans have a taste for marzipan, the French for nougat and the Americans for very sweet fondants, there is a long-standing British preference for mints. Another taste peculiar to the British is liquorice.

A home-made sweets shop at Cheltenham specializes in fudge at 1od. a quarter and all customers are invited to taste free samples before buying. "Not having to pay transport and packaging costs, the maker of home-made sweets can spend more on the sweets," says the proprietor. A home-made sweets shop in Lyme Regis, Dorset, specializes in humbugs and names different sorts after local landmarks. One is called Granny's Teeth after the steps on the harbour wall.

When Sir Compton Mackenzie broadcast a year ago about "plain ordinary old-fashioned sweets, like those wonderful sugar hearts we used to see," he received thousands of nostalgic letters from the older generation. But children's choice has not changed. The sugar hearts are still a best seller, except that now the inscriptions they carry are *Let's skiffle!* and *See you later, alligator!*

One London firm makes thirty tons of gobstoppers a week. When a rival firm made a bigger gobstopper, children soon discovered that it had only one colour. They returned to their favourite, which turns red, green, mauve and yellow as it is sucked.

Hard, black, chewable liquorice sticks made in factories have completely ousted liquorice roots from the corners of sherbet bags. The British liquorice root industry, which provided the brown stringy roots straight from the plants, is almost dead and British supplies of solidified liquorice juice come from Mediterranean countries, where labour is cheaper.

Hospital patients who have had internal or throat operations are often given barley sugar; continual sucking helps to keep the salivary gland working At his first press conference following an operation for intestinal trouble in 1956, President Eisenhower talked to two hundred reporters. Reaching into a pocket the President pulled out a piece of barley sugar. "Pardon me, gentlemen," he said, "but this happens to be a doctor's prescription."

Sufferers from coughs, colds and other ailments in Britain last year consumed 3,770 tons of medicated confectionery. Sugarless chocolates on sale for diabetics were also bought by women who were not diabetics. They were merely seeking a way of eating chocolates without putting on weight.

Chocolate contains a minimum of 155 calories to the ounce and most sugar confectionery 120 calories to the ounce, compared with sixteen for potatoes, sixty-eight for beef and seventy for bread. During the war chocolate with added vitamins was distributed by the advancing Allied armies to supplement food rations in the occupied countries.

A recent survey showed that there were 54,000 confectioners in Britain, but 264,000 "outlets" for confectionery. Public houses, fish and chip shops, works canteens, kiosks, hairdressers', self-service markets and garages, which did not previously sell loose sweets, now sell many types of pre-packed confectionery. A "silent" chocolate box, in which wadding and polythene are used instead of glassine and corrugated papers, is a success among lines sold in theatres and cinemas.

British export sales of confectionery are the highest in the world. Last year they were £12 million of which more than £4 million came from dollar sales. The biggest market was America; British sweets also reach remote countries such as Bolivia, Guatemala, Liberia and Nicaragua.

Although they often alter the designs of packages and wrappers on the home market, manufacturers have found that it pays not to change those sent overseas. In Africa their products are known by their trade marks or the colours of the wrappings. Changes of trade marks and colours have caused reductions in sales.

There are also designs which manufacturers are careful not to send abroad. Many wrappers to China are in red because the Chinese regard red as a sign of joy, but blue is not sent because it is a mark of mourning. Exporters to the Middle East do not send packages bearing pictures of scantily clad women. Such pictures would offend religious feeling.

A manufacturer who sent a supply of tinned sweets to India was asked to have them back. The tins carried a picture of a herd of elephants. Hindus would not buy because for them the elephant has religious associations. THE END

I went to the bed, switched on the torch and put the knife to his throat. "Keep still," I said. "I have come for you, Ullman"

The Cure

by LIONEL DAVIDSON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. LANGHAMMER

My dream was like some vast picture of hell. Then I woke up—and saw the man who had murdered my family

I SHOULD like to state at the outset that I am of perfectly sound mind and take full responsibility for my actions. Indeed, my peace of mind these past months convinces me of the absolute rightness of what I have done. Since other people are concerned, however, I give below the full facts. In the event of anything happening to me, they must act as they think fit.

In April, 1956, just over twelve years after I contracted it, I decided once and for all to do something about my rheumatism. I had undergone sporadic and varied treatment for several years, but had never screwed up sufficient resolve or organization to do as my doctor urged.

The doctor had advised me to go to Aix-les-Bains. For those who could afford the money and the time, he said, the mud baths and douches there offered the best remedy in cases such as mine. I could afford the money, and time, God knows, was one thing I was not short of.

At the beginning of April, after a particularly crippling attack across my shoulders and legs, I wrote away to Aix, and a fortnight later I went there.

To get to Aix one flies to Geneva and changes to a train. It was eight o'clock before I reached my hotel. I had dinner, walked for half an hour, then reverted to my discipline and my solace: I sat up and read in my room until three o'clock in the morning.

My appointment with the specialist was for ten o'clock. I breakfasted at nine and bought a cigar and strolled through the town. The white hotels glittered among the spring greenery. In the square, *chaises longues* were assembled around a fountain. A few people in the grey hooded robes that were on sale at many of the shops lay out in them, pale-faced, sun-glassed.

I was shown in to the doctor right away and handed him the letter from my own doctor. He read it and opened a book and took down my statistics. Name, Christopher Terence Bartlett; age, thirty-eight; next-of-kin, sister. He wrote this down without comment and returned to the doctor's letter.

"At least you can date with accuracy when the complaint started. How long were you in the water?"

"About ten hours."

"Were you torpedoed at night?"

"No. It was full day, but very cold."

He gave a sharp little nod and returned to his book. He took details of former illnesses—the notations were few; I had always been healthy. Healthy and wealthy; and now, with all the books I had read, as wise as wise. I stripped and he tested my heart and my blood pressure and my reflexes.

"Well," he said when I had dressed again, "there is certainly nothing wrong with your physique. Am I right in thinking that you have had a bad emotional shock fairly recently?"

In the middle of my automatic hedgehog contraction I stopped and considered. He might as well know.

"Not very recently," I said. "Twelve years ago. My wife and son were torpedoed with me. They were machine-gunned in the water. If they hadn't been shot they would have died anyway. It was doubtless the U-boat captain's own specific against exposure. I have no complaints. It worked."

He looked at me levelly for a moment. "For them, perhaps, but not for you," he said at last. "This is a horrifying story . . . but it is

Continued on page 24

THE DAY CHRIST WAS BORN

by ROBERT HOLLES

Then the angel said: "Today, in David's town, there has been born for you a saviour, who is Christ the Lord . . ."

"The Adoration of the Magi," by Jan Brueghel. . . . After the angel had appe

A BROAD mud track, hardened by centuries of use, led through the sporadic clusters of dun-coloured hovels on the fringe of the sprawling hill village of Nazareth. Beyond the village the track ascended, narrowing a little, frequently breaking off into subsidiary paths which wandered away haphazardly among the brown scrub.

Joseph had lived and worked as a carpenter in Nazareth for most of his life; now, on a bleak December morning of the 749th year of Rome, he was leaving it with his wife Mary. Ahead of them stretched the tortuous route to Bethlehem, sixty miles to the south.

It was the season of rain—one of the coldest months of the year. The birth to Mary of her first child was quickly approaching. But in that year Augustus, Emperor of Rome and the acknowledged master of most of the known world, had ordered a census to be taken of the Jewish state. Every Jew had to return with his family to the home of his ancestors for the purposes of registration. Joseph was a son of Bethlehem.

The Hebrew race was composed of roughly three million Jews concentrated in a strip of country on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, and in colonies scattered throughout many of the world's great cities. Politically it was reduced to a condition of almost utter helplessness.

The king, Herod, was a vassal of Rome, a half-Jew who had intrigued and flattered his way to the throne and held it only by the ruthless suppression of his people and slavish subservience to the Roman Emperor, whose predecessors had conquered Israel, and who now ruled it as a colony. The highest political authority in the land, the Sanhedrin, composed of seventy-one priests, scribes, elders, lawyers and other eminent men, had become steeped in corruption. The real ruler was the Roman procurator who governed the country from the newly built seaport of Caesarea, fifty miles north-west of the capital, Jerusalem.

Four Roman legions of infantry, each six thousand strong, occupied strategic positions in the country and protected the Jews from attack by the Parthians on their eastern border, where the influence of Rome ended. But the Roman occupation was not harsh, although taxation was heavy. The Jews were allowed to practise their religious observances without interference. Their strict rule of rest on the Sabbath was allowed to exclude all their young men from compulsory military service under the Roman eagle. Imperial columns marching into Jerusalem respectfully refrained from bringing their standards, which bore heathen symbols, inside the gates. One Roman soldier who irreverently burned a transcript of the sacred Mosaical laws was ordered by the Roman High Command to be executed, after strong representations from the priesthood. Augustus himself provided for a daily sacrifice to be made on his behalf at the altar of the Jewish Temple.

Almost as burdensome as the Roman taxes were the dues demanded by the priesthood of the Temple at Jerusalem, the headquarters of the Jewish religion. There were constant tithes, the imposition of financial penalties for breaking religious laws, a "Temple tax," a bread levy, an ecclesiastical claim on the firstborn of animals, and a demand for a proportion of the

Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees, the National Gallery, London

ared to the shepherds they hurried to Bethlehem to find the infant Jesus. Later the three wise men from the East arrived at the stable with gifts for the Messiah

fruit and grain harvests. The double imposition of secular and religious taxes accounted for almost half the average Jew's income.

In spite of the hopelessness of their situation, the Jews resented their subjugation by the Romans. Rebellions flared up and were quickly crushed; frequently the dead littered the streets of Jerusalem.

Many people blamed Herod for the spiritual depths to which the country had fallen. Others argued that the Pharisees, the more powerful of the two ruling castes which held sway in the Temple, were responsible. The Pharisees saw themselves as keepers of the national conscience, as the sole interpreters of the laws of Jehovah, the universal, omnipotent God. They conducted the multitudinous rites and ceremonies which had grown up around the Jewish religion. But their spiritual leadership had sunk into hypocrisy, intense national pride and a tendency to mistake the ritual of their religion for its moral laws. In consequence, the simple precepts of the laws given to Moses by divine inspiration had been expanded into a ritual governing virtually every detail of private and public life.

Observance of the Sabbath was fanatically enforced. Discourse with Gentiles was discouraged. The Pharisees held the poor unschooled priests of the country synagogues in contempt, just as the more sophisticated citizens of Jerusalem had become scornful of their plain-speaking countrymen from Joseph's province of Galilee, and mimicked their slow, rustic dialect. Their religious intolerance caused the Pharisees and their supporters to be hated by their Roman conquerors, mocked at by the foreigners who thronged the trade routes, and reviled by the alien race of Samaritans who occupied the central province of their country. . . .

Now the track mounted a rise and turned along the contour of a long gully. To the east the lower ridges of Mount Tarbus rose in a patchwork pattern of terraced gardens and vineyards. Below stretched the teeming plain of Esdraelon, a gigantic misty panorama of towns and villages. Streams twisted veinously through fields and orchards dressed in the ever-changing browns of the season.

A few people, mainly peasants wrapped in the shapeless and ageless cloak of the East, straggled past. No birds sang. Brown wrinkled leaves

Continued on page 20

Battle was joined now. It was me against my wife—with prizes

YOU'LL NEVER

"If you can't even tell that it's an ashtray then it had better go back," she stormed. I smiled. "Of course," I said. "An ashtray. How stupid of me"

I KNEW that she was planning to cry. I also knew that the alternative to tears—namely, words—would be much better for both of us. Tears would make her more angry with me than she was now; she was always furious when she had let me see how upset she was. Tears would merely prolong my stay in the doghouse, while doing her no good whatever.

Yes, words would be far better in the long run. As we began dressing to go out for the evening, I cast about in my mind for a way of bringing them on and thus waterproofing, as it were, the impending scene.

What had happened was this.

On my arrival home from the office, she had greeted me by proudly displaying the prizes she had bought that afternoon for the next meeting of her bridge circle, the following week, at which she would be hostess. The purchases were two: a small ceramic dish with an inscription that helped me to identify it as a teapot stand, and a poodle in low relief with a hole in his head indicating him to be a wall plaque.

"We still find it amusing to give a booby prize as well as a first prize. Hence the two," my wife explained as I admired them in the living-room.

"They're very nice," I said.

We pondered them companionably a moment. Then I had asked the unfortunate question: "Which is which?"

I had my work cut out for me now. Glancing over from the bed, on which I was sitting for a few minutes after my bath, I could see the objects on the dressing-table, where she had smacked them down after flouncing out of the living-room with them.

I was itching to edge over for another look, in the hope of discerning some clue to their relative worth, perhaps even price tags on their under sides. But no second chance was to be vouchsafed me, judging by the firmness with which she sat planted before the dressing-table, and began working on her nails with an orange stick.

We had a good hour before our engagement, which was to meet some friends for dinner at a nearby restaurant, but the situation itself was insupportable. How to resolve it? Ideally, by a stratagem that would save her face as well as mine. But what?

I saw her drop the orange stick into a small side drawer and extract a tin of mascara. She didn't immediately apply it, however, but set it to one side; a detail that confirmed my suspicion of the threat of tears. She sniffed and rubbed the tip of her nose with a knuckle. I must hurry.

"I'm sorry about my little joke," I said. "I suppose it wasn't very funny."

"Joke?" She glanced hopefully at my reflection in the mirror.

"Of course, joke." I stared at her open-mouthed. "You mean you thought I was *serious*?" I rose and drifted toward the

at stake. And it looked as if I would take the booby

KNOW

by ***PETER DE VRIES***

ILLUSTRATED BY EILEEN WALTON

dressing-table. "It's actually an old gag," I went on, carelessly taking the articles out of their boxes and fingering them. "Didn't we see the same thing in a sketch on television? or perhaps I was watching it alone that night."

A rapid appraisal of the materials the objects were made of told me nothing. Both seemed earthenware, brightly coated with enamel. No price tags.

"Is this *cloisonné*?" I asked rather fulsomely, holding one up in each hand in a manner intended to confuse her as to exactly which one I meant.

"The *dog*?" A palpable stress of "dog" as in surprise, suggested that that must be the meaner of the two items, and I moved for shelter on those lines.

"No, silly, this one. The teapot stand."

"Teapot stand!" Her eyes flashed as she rose. "Is that all it looks like to you? Something to put a teapot on?" She flung up her hands and turned away.

"What is it, then?" I asked, as she disappeared into the bathroom, jerking off her dressing-gown.

I listened for five minutes to the sound of the taps going full blast behind the closed door. When she emerged, still angry, I was waiting for her at the foot of the bed.

"Is it a tray for pins?" I asked as she went by. "Is it"—I raised my eyes to the ceiling like a person guessing at something—"a kind of trivet?"

"If you can't even tell that it's an ashtray then it had better go back." Her anger seemed to have shifted to the purchase in question, or, rather, to have broadened out to include it—small progress in either case.

I smiled. "Of course—an ashtray. How stupid of me."

"Perhaps you don't think it's good enough to put ashes in," she said, sitting down to draw on a pair of stockings.

"Of course I think it's good enough to put ashes in," I answered. This had the absurd ring of one of those "and I said you *were* fit to sleep with pigs" replies, and I strove to cover the impression. Grinning engagingly and executing a sort of caper, I said:

> *"As the husband is, the wife is: thou art*
> *mated with a clown,*
> *And the grossness of his nature will have*
> *weight to drag thee down."*

She swept her eyes away with an expression of nausea.

"If you're going to recite poetry, at least put something on," she said.

"Of course!" I pulled on fresh underwear, socks, a shirt and some trousers. Hooking braces over my shoulders, I said: "Really, Macushla, you're too easy to tease. I honestly believe you thought I didn't know that it was an ashtray. What a laugh!"

Perhaps she wanted to think I was telling the truth. Perhaps she made herself think that. In any event her aspect softened after a bit, and the air seemed to clear. I hummed a few measures of something, to suggest that the incident was closed, and walked over to the desk and swept a few loose coins off it into my hand.

"It'll be good to see the Mackenzies again," I said, pocketing the coins, "and I'm so glad we're going to the Anchor. I've got just the taste for lobster."

"Which is which?"

"What?"

"Which is the main prize and which is the booby, if it was all only a joke?" She was sitting at the dressing-table again, touching a mascara brush to her eyelashes. She paused to glance at my reflection in the glass.

"Well?"

I drew a deep breath. Then, with the sensation of taking a corner on two wheels, I said: "The poodle."

"The poodle is what?"

"The booby."

She finished doing her eyes. Then she picked up the two prizes and put them back in their boxes. I could hear them being tucked away in a rustle of tissue.

"Well?" I asked at last, anxious to learn how I had done. "Was I right?"

"You'll never know," she said.

I selected a tie from a rack on the inside of the wardrobe door, and went into the bathroom to put it on. I tied it so as to conceal a grease spot on one of the stripes.

"I just want to put this point to you," I said through the open door. "My original question—which started all this—could be taken to imply *not* that you can't tell the main prize from the booby, but that you can't tell the booby from the main. Those are two very different things. I just want to put that point to you."

"I paid thirty-five shillings for that prize," she observed, as though to herself, "and our rule is never to go over a pound."

"Oh, really?" I said, buttoning my shirt cuffs as I sauntered back into the bedroom. "And what's your minimum on the booby? Have you a floor on that, my own love, just as you have a ceiling on the main prize?"

"Oh, stop jabbering like an idiot." She had got into her dress and now stood at the window screwing on an ear-ring, striking thereby what has oftened seemed to me the most graceful of all feminine postures. Rare is the woman who can fail to look statuesque while putting on an ear-ring.

I wanted very much to say something warm and complimentary to my wife, but I knew this was not the time. I contented myself with remarking conciliatorily: "I should never have been born."

"For heaven's sake stop giving yourself airs," she replied.

THE END

The day Christ was born

Continued from page 17

still clung stubbornly to the branches of the small oaks clustered beside the track.

As they entered the plain, leaving the village behind, the carpenter and his wife were conscious of their participation in a series of miraculous events which dwarfed the perennial miracles of nature.

Earlier in the year, soon after Joseph and Mary had formally celebrated their betrothal, Mary had received a visit from God's messenger, the angel Gabriel. The angel saluted her: "Greetings, lady of grace! The Lord is with you." She was terrified by this manifestation of the supernatural.

"Have no fears, Mary," said the angel, "for you have found grace with God. Know that you will conceive and bear a son, whom you shall call Jesus. He will be great and shall be known as the son of the Most High. The Lord God will give him the throne of his father David. He shall reign over the House of Jacob into the ages, and of his Kingdom there shall be no end."

Mary asked the angel tremulously: "How will this be brought about, seeing that I have not lain with any man?"

"The Holy Spirit will come upon you and the power of the Most High will draw its shadow over you. Wherefore the Child, too, is holy, and shall be called the Son of God."

"I am the bondswoman of the Lord," said Mary. "Let me be dealt with as you say."

Joseph learned in time that his betrothed wife had conceived a child. The Jews punished unfaithful women by stoning them. It was customary for a wronged man to proclaim the guilt of his betrothed. Joseph kept silent. In despair, he finally decided to send her away. She would be protected from the wrath of the mob. He slept on this decision and dreamed.

An angel appeared to Joseph in his dream, addressing him as the true descendant of the great Jewish king, David, telling him of the divine nature of the son whom Mary would bring forth, so that he need not hesitate to marry her.

Joseph and Mary were married soon afterwards according to the rites and customs of the synagogue. . . .

Samaria, where Jewish travellers were likely to be met with hostility, was a heathen province, littered with pagan temples, theatres, palaces and memorials erected by Herod. Hundreds of towns and villages had been given new Latin names. In the new city of Caesarea temples to Greek gods rose side by side with statues which deified the Caesars. Even in Jerusalem itself the Jews were compelled to tolerate the heresy of heathen games in the Roman amphitheatre built by Herod for the entertainment of his Roman guests. All over the country the strict traditional Judaism of the Pharisees marched alongside pagan rituals derived from almost every known form of idolatry from Baal to Apollo.

Yet the Jews not only clung to their religion; they clung avidly—and this was their strength—to the expectation of a Messiah. The spiritual bankruptcy of the nation was taken as a sign that the appearance of a Saviour in the land of Israel was imminent. "Jehovah," the priests and rabbis affirmed, "will not endure the intrusion of the heathen into his own land for much longer."

The Pharisees had used the Messianic legend in an attempt to depose the king. Herod had demanded that all prominent Jews should swear an oath of allegiance to the Roman Emperor. Six thousand leading Pharisees had refused. Their digression was punished by a heavy fine.

The Pharisees had a friend at court—the wife of Herod's brother Pheroras—who found the money for the fine. She was a gullible woman. Some of the Pharisees told her: "We have received news from Jehovah that Herod and his posterity are soon to be deprived of the government of Israel. A Messiah is to be born. He will be the great leader foretold by the prophets. He will unite the Jewish people, drive the Romans from the land, and extend the Jewish dominion over the whole earth. When he has done this, he will restore the throne of the Jews to the progeny of Pheroras."

Indiscreetly the wife of Pheroras discussed the affair with the women of the palace. Salome, Herod's sister, informed the king. Herod examined the principals of the conspiracy and discovered that a number of his domestics were involved. These were executed with the Pharisees.

The episode had little effect on the popularity of the legend, which continued to be propounded with enthusiasm by every class of Jew. Messianic impostors were common. One led a band of gullible disciples to the Mount of Olives to watch the walls of Jerusalem crumble at the words of the prophets. They remained intact. Another led his adherents to the banks of the River Jordan, promising that they should walk across dry-footed as their forefathers had crossed the Red Sea.

The road passed through patches of drifting mist across a broad moor ribbed with gullies and defiles which fell away eastwards to the Jordan valley. It was thronged with people. Joseph and Mary were part of a thickening column of travellers who rested and ate at a tiny highland village before moving on towards Jerusalem.

CHRISTMAS—1

A green Christmas is neither handsome nor healthful.

Thomas Fuller

People were converging on the capital from many directions at this time of the census of Augustus. Among them were three priestly elders, men of great wisdom, who had travelled from a city some distance to the east. They had ridden their camels hard towards Jerusalem and looked forward to resting there for a few days before returning to their quest.

A star had sent them on their journey. It had first appeared two years earlier in the eastern sky, disturbing the wise men with its unwinking brightness. Eventually they had watched the skies each night, awaiting its return. The star was unknown to contemporary astrology. That was why it seemed to portend some great event—so they reasoned. Such a star, according to legend, was to announce the coming of a Messiah to the Jews. And in Jerusalem, the great spiritual centre of the religion which was at the same time the most exclusive and the most universal, the sages considered that they would be certain to obtain an accurate interpretation.

As they rode slowly through the gates, they were entering one of the world's great cosmopolitan cities. The wall enclosing it was linked by scores of towers, dominated by the massive, square, castellated fortress of Antonia.

In the streets the travellers from the East were surrounded by a large floating population: merchants and traders from Eastern and Mediterranean countries; priests called in to officiate at the Temple; worshippers from the outlying provinces and pilgrims from the Jewish colonies abroad.

Shopkeepers haggled over flimsy stalls in the trading quarter. Tailors, shoemakers, blacksmiths peered through the afternoon gloom of their cluttered workshops fronting the streets. Olive-skinned, round-eyed children ran shouting behind the ox-drawn carts and wagons which rumbled through the market place. Among the wine-shops, restaurants and market stalls the Jews gathered, held voluble conversations, hurled greetings and ribaldries at each other across the tide of human traffic which flowed past.

Thracian and Gallic mercenaries, dressed in the uniform of the Roman Army and stationed in Jerusalem, wandered among the bazaars picking up articles from the stalls and turning them over in their short, thick fingers—jewelled cups, linen, purple tapestries, ointments and perfumes — watched closely by the sharp-eyed dealers. The soldiers felt themselves isolated and despised; they chafed against the iron discipline of Rome which prevented them from treating the Jews as a conquered people, and their possessions as lawful booty.

The city rabbis, obsessed with the sacrilege of impurity reaching into the Temple, had framed numerous by-laws. Smoke from household fires was forbidden. Poultry was banned. Lepers were turned away from the gates. But not all of these restrictions were observed.

The Jewish Temple, built by Herod with all his love of aggrandisement, dominated the life of the capital. Ten thousand workmen, supervised by a thousand priests, had worked on the construction for sixteen years; it was still far from complete.

The Temple, built with blocks of white marble and decorated with gold plate, occupied eight acres with a complexity of courts, cloisters and sanctuaries.

From the nearby enclosures came the noise of restless animals offered for sale for the purposes of sacrifice. Prominently displayed in front of the entrance to the Temple was a notice carved in stone, which stated baldly in Latin, Greek and Hebrew:

No non-Jew is permitted to pass beyond this boundary point. Anyone who does, does so at his own risk and will be liable to the death penalty.

The Temple was a symbol of national unity. Tributes and offerings from Jews all over the world poured into its treasury. More than a million pilgrims attended the annual Feast of the Passover.

Meanwhile the three visitors from the East were attracting a great deal of attention. Evidently, from the rich brocade of their cloaks, they were men of affluence — potentates or princes. They had not been long in the capital before they received offers of hospitality according to their rank.

After watering their camels and washing away the white dust which clung to their beards, the Orientals settled down to the comfort of the house in which they found themselves established. Soon they broached the subject of their search for the Messiah, giving the astrological evidence in detail. Their host showed a keen interest, and before the end of the day, his guests were repeating their story to others.

By next morning the story was known to most of the chief rabbis and was the principal topic of conversation in the Temple porches. In no time the news filtered through the bazaars and markets and became common property among the street hawkers. Spies attached to the royal court sent news of the visit of the Eastern sages—and its purpose—to Herod, an elderly, diseased man isolated in his magnificent marble palace which had just been completed. . . .

SIX miles south of the capital, but hidden from it by a ridge of gently sloping hills and valleys, lay the ancient and legendary town of Bethlehem, home of David. Joseph and Mary came slowly along the ascending track through the outlying sections of the town. Above them stretched a purple sky radiant with stars. From the adjacent heights flickered the occasional orange light of a shepherd's fire. It was late, and accommodation had still to be found in Bethlehem.

When they reached the centre of the town, the atmosphere of peace was rudely shattered—Bethlehem was crammed with an influx of families, swarming in from other parts of the country to register as local citizens. The two Nazarenes were confronted with a scene which suggested the temporary camp of a victorious army. Lanterns and nightlights flickered in the streets, lighting up the interiors of stalls where food was being sold to the visitors who had crowded into the town.

There was no room for Mary and Joseph at the inn. Mary's time was near—she would soon be delivered of her child. Room was found for them in the inn stable.

The news of the visit of the three sages from the East intrigued Herod. Previous stories about the coming of the Messiah had been fabrications, designed to excite popular support for his removal from the Jewish throne. None of them carried the authenticity of the testimony offered by these strangers from the East, who could have had no interest in the fortunes of the Jewish monarchy.

Herod called a chamberlain and summoned to the palace the most prominent of the chief priests and scribes. Impatient for their arrival, he walked through the groves and gardens of the palace under the dripping junipers and oleanders, turning along the course

JANE was doing her usual Saturday morning shopping when she decided that she would like some canned fruit for lunch. So she asked the grocer for a tin of Bloggs's canned fruit.

After lunch she felt ill, and it soon transpired that the fruit had caused food poisoning.

When she was better, Jane sued the grocer, claiming damages for the pain and discomfort that she had suffered. But he denied that it was his liability and said that the manufacturers were responsible.

"That is not a good enough answer," argued Jane's counsel. "Even though the manufacturer may be liable as well, a retailer is responsible for impurities in tinned products, since the customer is entitled to rely on the skill and judgment with which he selects his stock."

But Jane lost her case.

WHY? *A barrister explains the judge's ruling on page* 22

of a broad stream which tumbled musically into a wide artificial pool. Soon he would die; he reflected on his career as a life-long disaster fading into a terrible twilight of pain. Yet was he not the greatest king who had ever ruled Israel? Under the Caesars, he had acquired a larger kingdom for the Jews than that which David ruled. He had conquered the neighbouring kingdom of Arabia. Would they at last acclaim him in the streets if he defied the emperor and brought death and ruin to the entire country? The grimness of his past stalked his declining years, but whenever his hand had been forced he had acted with speed and resolution.

Herod had grown up during the reign of the weak and indecisive King Hyrcanus, a descendant of the illustrious Maccabees; but he was conscious of his destiny although his family was unrelated to the reigning house of Israel. As a boy on his way to school he was stopped by a holy man of the Essene sect, who prophesied that he would ascend the throne of David. At twenty-five, he celebrated his appointment as governor of Galilee by riding out after the bandit chief, Hezekiah, who had terrorized the district for years, and killing him with most of his band. Songs and fables in his praise accompanied him through the towns and cities of the province, but in Jerusalem the insidious hostility of the Jewish hierarchy had already begun to close around him. "Herod has killed the citizens of Israel," was the cry, "without the sanction of the Sanhedrin, which alone possesses authority to impose the death sentence."

So great was the clamour that Hyrcanus was compelled to arraign Herod before the court of the Sanhedrin for trial. Contemptuously the young man appeared before them, magnificently arrayed in purple and surrounded by an armed bodyguard. Nobody dared read the charges. Only Sameas, a man renowned for his courage, found his voice. "This man," he warned the court, "whom you are about to absolve and dismiss from an accusation of murder, will one day punish both you and your king."

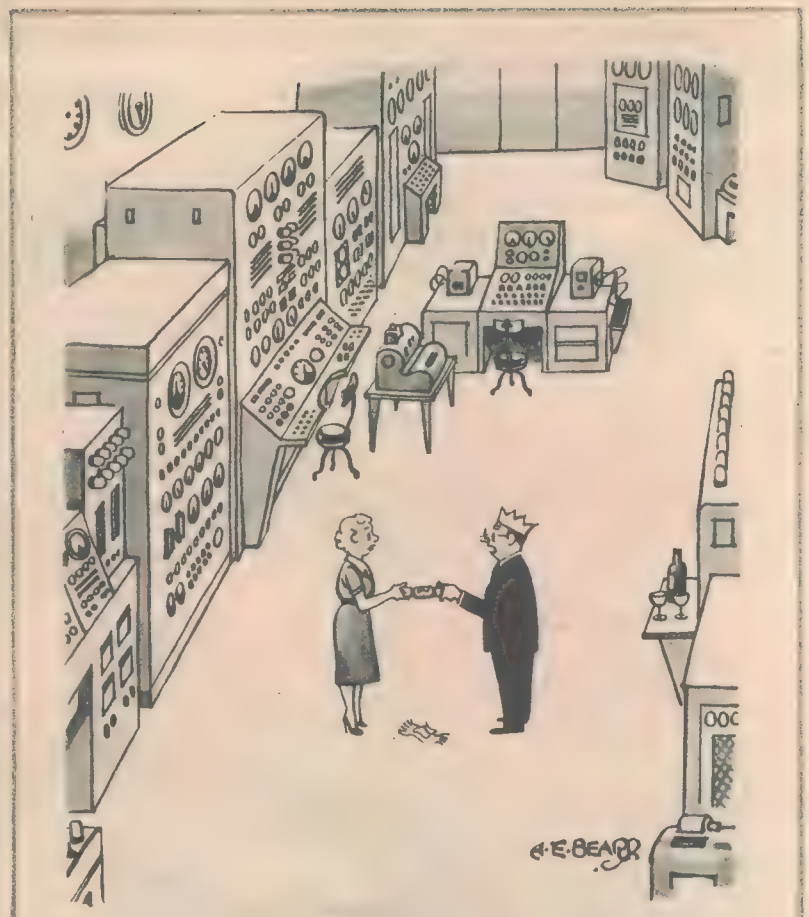
The speech rallied the Sanhedrin, but Hyrcanus interceded when it was evident that they were about to pronounce sentence of death, and persuaded the arrogant young Idumean to escape before the trial was concluded. Years later, when Herod captured Jerusalem and proclaimed himself king, he executed each member of the Sanhedrin who had presumed to judge him, with the exception of Sameas—he always admired men of courage. He killed Hyrcanus, for while he lived there were always those who plotted to restore him to the throne.

Herod had learned the lesson of survival early, after the poisoning of his father. It was he who pursued the murderer and had him hacked to death. Soon afterwards Julius Caesar was murdered in the Roman Senate. It was Herod who was first to acclaim his successor, Cassius, sending him the huge financial tribute he demanded. With Cassius defeated, he cultivated the friendship of Antony, the new ruler of Rome's Asian colonies, and obtained the appointment of tetrarch. It was Antony who placed him on the throne.

When Antony was finally overpowered by his rival, Augustus, Herod frankly admitted his friendship with the Roman general, and offered to extend the same loyalty to his successor.

There was no man who knew how to survive better than Herod. He had pitilessly hunted each surviving member of the Maccabean line of kings and killed them all. He had sent his best-loved wife, his mother-in-law, his uncle, his sister's husband, his wife's brother, and two of his sons to their deaths. But after sending his beautiful wife, Marianme, to her execution on false charges of disloyalty, he had suffered grief and remorse which affected his reason. . . .

The counsellors whom Herod had summoned to the palace waited for the king in a spacious apartment of state set aside as a council chamber. Around them, on the richly carved walls, gold



"These staff Christmas parties aren't what they used to be, Miss Entwistle"

ornaments and gems winked in the failing light. But they felt as ill at ease in these luxurious surroundings as Gentiles who had accidentally strayed into the holier precincts of the Temple. A summons from the king might easily be a prelude to the agonies of the rack.

When Herod addressed them he was quite composed. Three strangers had appeared in the city. They were searching for a Messiah whose coming had been signalled by a star. The king wished his counsellors, well-versed as they were in the holy laws, to inform him where such an event, as forecast in the scriptures, was to take place.

Directly Herod left them they talked about the affair in subdued tones. A number were in favour of telling the king that no authority existed for such an occurrence—it was merely a rumour. A Messiah, if he were about to be born, would hardly come into the world without the foreknowledge of the High Priest. But the majority favoured the course of informing Herod of the words of the prophets in this connection. They argued that the king immediately became suspicious when told that the theories he held concerning threats to his position were without foundation. By the time Herod returned, their spokesman had his answer ready.

"The child who will become the Messiah will be born in Bethlehem. In the works of the prophet Micah it is written: 'And thou, Bethlehem in Judah, art by no means the least among the foremost in Judah for out of thee shall come a leader who shall shepherd my people Israel.'" This information appeared to satisfy the king, who dismissed the counsellors. Thankfully they hurried away. . . .

While the three Eastern sages were preparing to leave the city a messenger arrived from Herod asking them to call at the royal palace before their departure. The king received them courteously and informally in one of his private inner rooms. While they talked, he showed a keen interest in their country and its customs and in the motive for their visit to Jerusalem, particularly with regard to the astrological evidence. "When did you first witness this strange star in the East?" he wanted to know.

"We first beheld it two years ago," they informed him.

The king seemed quite affable, a lamb compared to the jackal they had been warned to expect. As he rose, signifying that the audience was at an end, he advised them, "Go to Bethlehem and search diligently for the young child. When you have found him report to me, so that I too shall be able to go and pay him homage."

By the time they reached the gates of the city the night was well advanced. They had ridden some distance beyond Jerusalem before their eyes became fully accustomed to the darkness.

As the track entered a small rift in the hills, a star appeared low on the horizon ahead of them, shining with crystal brilliance in their faces. It was the star they had seen in the East.

The sages reined in their camels, dismounted, and embraced each other. They shouted. They were deliriously happy. Indubitably, bigger and brighter than they had ever seen it before, it was their star.

They remounted and continued their journey with the star as their guide. It beckoned them on. It appeared to descend over the hills. As they approached Bethlehem the star glittered over the town. . . .

On a hill pasture half a mile east of Bethlehem a group of shepherds was huddled around a wood fire. They murmured quietly to each other, subconsciously aware of the deep silence into which their words slipped as sibilantly as pebbles into a lake.

Then this happened: earth and sky appeared to mingle in a great radiance. An angel appeared gloriously at the centre of this transfiguration.

The shepherds shuddered with fright, covering their faces with outstretched fingers. But the angel reassured them: "Have no fears, for I bring you good tidings, news of a great joy which the whole people will share. Today, in David's town, there has been born for you a saviour, who is Christ the Lord. Know by this token—you will find a babe in swaddling clothes lying in a manger."

They rubbed their eyes, summoning the courage to lift up their heads to the miraculous light. When they did so, they were dazzled and stupefied by the sight of a great concourse of angels, while a crescendo of celestial singing burst on their ears:

"Glory in the Heights to God,
And on earth peace in men of good-will."

As suddenly as they appeared, the angels vanished. The night brooded around the breathless shepherds. They chattered excitedly to each other, and decided to go at once to Bethlehem to see the marvel announced to them by God.

BETHLEHEM awoke slowly, with the occasional clanking of a wooden bucket. Plumes of smoke rose vertically to a pink sky. Footsteps crossed the courtyard of the inn, and returned. Animals coughed. Bundles of human flotsam stirred in alleyways and blinked into the cold dawn.

In the stable Mary, virgin-mother, had given birth to her infant son. Tenderly she wrapped him in broad white bands of linen, and laid him in a manger.

The shepherds arrived, noisily at first, then finding that they had indeed come to the right place, speechless with unaccustomed reverence. They looked at the infant Jesus, then knelt down.

Fierce raw men, as happy as children, they gesticulated excitedly as they told Joseph of their experiences. Their voices carried to the inn. Men came to remonstrate and stayed to listen. A small crowd gathered to question the shepherds on various points of their testimony, ready to disbelieve. Their excitement and obvious sincerity carried great conviction.

The shepherds remembered their sheep. With a final long glance at the child, they went away singing the praises of the great Jehovah, the unseen, who had shown them this marvel. In the stable Mary remembered what the shepherds had said, and pondered their words in her heart.

The three wise men from the East tethered their camels and made their way towards the stable, where diligent inquiries had revealed they would find the infant they were seeking. Gravely and with great humility, they approached the child and prostrated themselves before him. Opening the caskets they had brought, they laid gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh reverently at his feet.

They were not so demonstrative as the shepherds but they were even more impressed, as they retired to seek a night's lodging in the town, by the humble circumstances in which they had found the Messiah.

Yet they slept restlessly in Bethlehem. In the confusion of their dreams a voice persistently warned them not to take news of the birth back to Herod, as the king had requested. When, on awakening, they found that all three had received the same warning in their dreams, they decided to ignore Herod's command and not to report to him where they had found the child.

On the following morning they rose early and made preparations to leave for their own country. Outside the town they parted from the road which led towards Jerusalem and the palace of the murderous king, and turned the heads of their camels towards the pale glow of the rising sun.

Herod, maddened by the defection of the Eastern sages, remembered the period of time which had elapsed since the star had first appeared in the East—two years. He sent troops to Bethlehem with orders to massacre every child of two years and under in the locality.

But in the meantime an angel had appeared to Joseph in a dream, warning him to escape, with Mary and the child, to Egypt. Immediately they prepared for the journey and left under cover of darkness.

THE END

CHRISTMAS—2

The periodical gift is never refreshing; it is too much of the nature of tribute. A present on Midsummer Day would be worth two at Christmas.

Mary E. Coleridge

Man in the shadow

Continued from page 7

might be, but he was certainly no back-street ruffian.

In silence he emptied the bowl, and in silence she refilled it and handed it back. He looked strangely at his grimy fingers before he took it, then glanced up at her.

"You ought to be scared of me."

"Well, I'm not," she said.

His eyes held curiosity and disbelief. "I could kill you. I nearly did kill somebody once. That's why I'm in . . . that place. They couldn't punish me any more than I am being punished now."

She said quietly: "I'm not afraid of death either."

His grimace, an attempt at a smile, brought deeper hollows to his sunken cheeks. "Everybody is. You're no different."

"That's so," she allowed, "and I'm afraid of being hurt, like most people. But not of death."

"Why not?"

"Because I've been as good as dead."

"When?"

"Not so long ago. With the baby."

"Yes. I knew there was a baby," he remarked.

Mardi thought of his day-long vigil, of the unsuspected, menacing surveillance of all her movements, and the clutch of fear tightened on her throat.

"A boy?" he asked.

She nodded.

"And you weren't afraid?"

"No."

"Why not? Tell me."

"Except," she forced her voice to steadiness, "except for being worried, about Paul and the baby, I didn't care. It was a mercy to die. I think I was glad."

"And sorry to come back to life again?"

"No." She reflected for a moment. "I had something to come back to."

"There it is," he said, "that's the difference. I had nothing. It wasn't worth while for me to come back."

SHE was pondering over the uncertain meaning of this when the telephone rang; the sound ripping through the room. They were both on their feet, the crash of the breaking bowl echoing violently on the disturbed air.

He grabbed the gun from the wall. "Be still!" he told her.

"I must answer," Mardi said.

Ferociously his lips pulled back against his teeth.

"I must," she insisted. "If I don't, they'll know something is wrong."

Again, making them start, the bell tore into the argument; and, as it ceased, she heard another sound. "There! It's roused the baby."

"Who is it? Who would ring you at such a time?"

"How should I know?" Once more she was astonished and grateful for the queer trick by which the terror in her heart was transmuted into anger in her voice. "But I must answer it, I must! You couldn't do anything more stupid than to stop me."

The gun jerked towards the door. "I'll be beside you. Don't try to be clever."

In the passage she hesitated, then went in to the crying child. "Hush, hush, my beauty. . . . Yes, it's the old telephone, but we'll stop it now. Come, precious." Carrying him against her shoulder, ignoring the thin, threatening figure which followed like a lurking shadow, she went back to the passage and lifted the instrument.

Sounding nearer than the wailing baby, Paul spoke in her ear. "Mardi, I'm at Pike End and they've decided to beat Hatcher's Wood. Can't be home for an hour or so yet. . . . Great Heaven, is he yelling the walls down?"

She said loudly: "Who is speaking? Mr. Bolton? I'm sorry, the little rascal is stretching his lungs a mite. It is Mr. Bolton, isn't it?"

"What are you blathering about?" said Paul. "It's Paul, girl. Can't you hear me?"

"Yes, I can hear you. Paul isn't home, Mr. Bolton, he went over to Pike End. Can I take a message?"

"Mardi!" Paul's voice was sharp, and in a panic she pressed the cold receiver hard against her ear. "What's wrong? Something's wrong there—what is it?"

She laughed. "Oh, yes, yes. I'll tell him the minute he gets in and I'll bet he tears down there to see you without stopping to take his boots off."

"Mardi, I'm coming home."

"That's right. But take care. And congratulations to you, I'm sure. Good night, Mr. Bolton."

She rang off and walked past the gun, back to the kitchen, making soothing noises and hiding her face in the baby's neck. From the damp warmth of his skin, the baby-smell of his scant, silken hair, she inhaled comfort and resource and, when the man spoke, she dared to lean back in her low chair and look at him.

"Who was it? What was that message?"

"One of the farmers down the valley. Paul sold him a Christmas lottery ticket and it's won him a case of wines."

Where and when did I learn to lie so cunningly? she wondered, and held the warm baby close to her cold heart. Hail raged against the window and fell in hissing, sooty blobs down the stove chimney.

The desperate eyes glared at her. "You said 'take care.' What did that mean?"

"Not to get too merry. He's fond of his glass, old Bolton." Paul must surely have realized that by pounding away at the name Bolton she meant the sergeant of police at Hatcher's End.

"I wish I knew whether I could believe you."

She shrugged and rocked the baby placidly, patting his angry sobs into sleepy hiccups. "You said you trusted nobody. . . . Ah well, I'll pour the tea in a minute when this fellow's quiet."

From the edge of her eye and with the whole of her mind she watched his indecision. "What am I going to do?—what can I do?"

"Sit down and rest," she advised him practically. "What else are you fit to do at this moment?"

He dropped abruptly to the chair, looked vacantly at the gun, then leaned over and placed it on the floor. The shards of the bowl still lay on the hearthstone and he began to gather them together in his fine, soiled hands.

"I'm sorry—did I break this?" He sounded vague and troubled. "I didn't mean to. I'm sorry."

"It's no great loss." With the baby on her shoulder, she rose and fetched the bucket to dispose of the broken pieces, put a warming light to the lamp wick, poured tea, offered bread and butter piled with frothy egg. *Paul come quickly.*

But now his hunger appeared to be swamped in exhaustion. After a few bites he shook his head in refusal. "I can't." The hot tea was easier to swallow and he sat hunched over it, watching mother and baby with a blank wistfulness which was infinitely harder to withstand than the way he had stared a short while ago.

"How old?"

"The baby? Three and a half months."

"Too young to know what it's all about."

She misunderstood him deliberately. "I expect it does seem soft to bother with a tree and all the trimmings when he's so young—but we wanted the excuse. For ourselves. For thanksgiving, like." In emotion, her speech became enriched by a soft country burr. "We haven't much, of course, not being long set to the farm, or being long wed either, come to that, but what we have we're thankful for, and this looks to be the proper season of the year to show it. My father taught me to be thankful for mercies, and he was a good man."

"And now you pass it on to your son. . . . What's his name?"

"Peter."

"Peter and Paul. The two apostles." The unshaven face relaxed into a wry, pitiful smile. "My name is John. The best loved. That's something I hadn't remembered for a very long time."

His slack hand relinquished the cup easily when she reached for it.

Outside the wind still roared up the valley. Dusk crept into the room, held at bay only by the mild glow from the lamp and the red heat of the stove. The baby slept peacefully on her breast and the dark, sleeping face of the stranger no longer held either terror or threat, but the tortured peace of oblivion.

MARDI heard the car and slipped out, soft-footed and shivering, to halt the men at the yard door: the police sergeant; two others in a different uniform; Paul. . . .

"He's asleep. . . ."

"Mardi!"

The bruising fierceness of Paul's arm around her and the baby brought a treacherous weakness to her limbs.

"I'm all right—truly," she said. "He was too tired and starved with cold. Don't—no, please don't break in on him without a warning, it would be too cruel: let me wake him first." She saw the sternness in the men's faces and thought of living with that sternness and felt a sinking of despair. "He isn't a wicked man—don't punish him. . . ."

"We know how to deal with him, Mrs. Neal, never fear."

Without a word she turned out of Paul's arm and went back to the kitchen and laid a cold, gentle hand on his chafed wrist. "John you must wake up. They've come."

His return to consciousness was painful and reluctant, and for a moment, as his eyes opened on her face, she recognized in them life and death and after-life. "They've come?"

She nodded, keeping her firm, gentling hand on his wrist.

"I suppose it's best?"

She nodded again.

He sighed, reached out and touched her baby's hand. "Keep him safe. Very well. I'm ready."

But before they took him out to the car, he threw one last, burning, absorbing glance at the tree, the wreaths, the paper chains, the sleeping child. . . .

Paul's startled voice said: "Mardi, you didn't hold him up, did you?"

She turned from the window and a landscape which appeared to be all black until your eyes became acute enough to discern the dusting of white against a hedge, the ghostly frosting on the barn roof, the silver-pointed sky.

"What did you say?" she asked, then saw the gun in his hand. "Oh, that. There's no shot in it."

"It's a mercy he didn't know that."

"Yes," she agreed, "poor man. It's a mercy."

One day she would try to explain, but not now, when a weight of tears burdened her throat and the load of fear and pity still lay on her heart. Silence and mercy would serve him best for the present; and no doubt also in the end.

THE END

"Do you suppose it matters?—May's present will cost more to wrap than it did to buy"

WHY?

See page 20

BECAUSE, said the judge, when a customer herself names the particular brand of tinned commodity which she requires, she shows that she relies on her own skill and judgment, not the grocer's. It would have been different if Jane had merely asked for tinned fruit and the grocer had given her Bloggs's of his own volition.

(*This ruling is based on actual cases*)

YOUR CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR ENTERTAINMENT

in London and the Key Cities

THE RANK ORGANISATION PRESENTS

NORMAN WISDOM in **just my luck** U

also starring
Margaret RUTHERFORD Jill DIXON
Leslie PHILLIPS · Delphi LAWRENCE

NOW AT METROPOLE VICTORIA
N.W. LONDON from DEC. 29th · N.E. LONDON from JAN. 5
SOUTH LONDON from JAN. 12th · Principal Cities from JAN. 5th

AT YOUR LOCAL CINEMA FROM DEC 30TH

'THE MOST SUMPTUOUS, LAVISH & SPECTACULAR PRODUCTION MADE SINCE THE ADVENT OF TALKING PICTURES'—Daily Express

CARY GRANT
FRANK SINATRA
SOPHIA LOREN
in STANLEY KRAMER'S MONUMENTAL FILMING OF
"THE PRIDE and THE PASSION"
TECHNICOLOR® · VISTAVISION® U

"EXUBERANCE, VIOLENCE . . . AUTHENTIC HEMINGWAY"—Sunday Express

TYRONE POWER · AVA GARDNER
MEL FERRER · ERROL FLYNN
EDDIE ALBERT · JULIETTE GRECO

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S Production of ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S
The SUN ALSO RISES 'A'
EASTMAN COLOUR
A 20th CENTURY-FOX CINEMASCOPE PICTURE

PRODUCED BY DARRYL F. ZANUCK · DIRECTED BY HENRY KING

NOW ON RELEASE—DONT MISS IT

Have a good time with...
CARY GRANT · JAYNE MANSFIELD
SUZY PARKER

KISS THEM FOR ME U
EASTMAN COLOUR
A 20th CENTURY-FOX CINEMASCOPE PICTURE
Produced by JERRY WALD
Directed by STANLEY DONEN

CARLTON HAYMARKET WHI. 3711 NOW!

MGM presents . . . The Top Holiday Hits!

A SOL C. SIEGEL PRODUCTION
Gene Kelly, Kay Kendall, Mitzi Gaynor in **"LES GIRLS"** ®

Joan Simmons, Joan Fontaine, Paul Newman in **"UNTIL THEY SAIL"** ®

Alec Guinness in Ealing's **"Barnacle Bill"** ®

Stewart Granger, Rhonda Fleming in **"Gun Glory"** ®

Robert Taylor, Dorothy Malone in **"TIME FOR ACTION"** ®

ALL DISNEY—FOR ALL THE FAMILY!

An exciting story of daring youth... EXPLODED with glory and romance!

Walt Disney
Johnny Tremain U
Technicolor

Bambi's Back!

Walt Disney's
Bambi U
Technicolor

5 HAPPY SONG HITS! to Warm Your Heart!

DON'T MISS THIS GREAT PROGRAMME

Remember! THE CINEMA IS YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT

NOW PAYING..

4½ AND 5%

WITH EASY WITHDRAWALS

FOR FIXED TERM

BOTH TAX FREE
—AND NO DEPRECIATION OF CAPITAL

The maximum interest payable commensurate with safe lending. For over 100 years this Society has been of service to investors and those requiring mortgage facilities. Write for Balance Sheet and full details.
To those requiring advances for owner occupation, write direct for application form to :—

ALLIANCE PERPETUAL
BUILDING SOCIETY
Established 1854
46 BAKER ST., LONDON, W.1
Also 41 NORTH JOHN STREET, LIVERPOOL 2 and 14 PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER 1

UP TO 8½% ON DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS

SPECIAL DEPOSIT INTEREST PAID WITHOUT DEDUCTION OF TAX

Three different types of deposits —one will exactly suit your needs. Interest up to 8½% paid half-yearly. Your money will be safe, easy to withdraw. Interest on Special Deposits **paid without deduction of tax.**

Send for free Brochure to:—
(D) Director of Deposits

FEDERAL CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENTS LTD.
180 Fleet Street
London, E.C.4

How to win £250

Have you sent in your entry for the "Fitting Phrases" competition which appeared in last week's issue? If not, do so now—while you think of it! That free cash prize of £250 which must be won in this unique advertisement contest can be yours! Read the simple instructions carefully, then complete and post the free coupons. Remember—last date to post entries, Monday, January 6th.

The cure

Continued from page 15

quite an old one now. Do you not consider that you may be nourishing yourself, and to that extent your rheumatism on it?"

"I have had it in mind."

He shrugged very slightly. "Perhaps we may talk of this later." He wrote out my course of treatment and explained it to me, warning me of the enervation I would feel, and I left.

My treatment was in two stages, mud applications and douche-massage, and I had to book several sessions for each. I went to the baths and did this before lunch, and in the afternoon at three o'clock I took my first treatment.

For the *boue*, the mud treatment, one travels up to the third floor to a central reception room. The receptionist takes the ticket and assigns one to a cubicle. The cubicles let off a corridor. In the cubicle there is a bed, chair and table; a half wall divides off the shower compartment.

An attendant examined the doctor's prescription and told me to strip and lie on the bed. He then went away and returned a few minutes later with another attendant and a large bowl of steaming black mud. I sat up while the pair of them daubed my shoulders thickly with it. Hot towels were bound round me and my legs were then treated similarly. When this was done I was wound round with blankets and, thus encased, lay back.

The prescription had indicated the temperature of the mud and duration —twenty minutes—and now, since rest and complete relaxation were necessary, the attendants left and switched off the light. I lay in the dark, enclosed in the hot, drawing mud, sweating in the tight blankets.

When the time was up the attendants returned, removed the blankets and towels and helped me to the shower compartment. I stood under the shower weak as a child while they hosed me down.

The doctor had spoken the truth when he warned me of the enervation I would feel. I went down in the lift and followed the signs to the rest room. This was a large, warm hall with a fountain in the middle. Grouped round it were the inevitable *chaises longues*. I found a vacant one and stretched out and closed my eyes.

A little desultory conversation was going on round me. One could hear all languages here, the Babel of the world. In that withdrawn state that the invalid sometimes experiences when hearing and sight combine behind closed lids to register a detached, allegorical impression, I felt myself moving round in some vast picture by Jerome Bosch —some hell picture, with the sinners tumbling and wrestling and elbowing in perdition.

And then I was in the water again. It was so many years since I had had this vision with such clarity that I went cautiously, holding my breath, urging my body to fall away. And I was there, twelve years ago, in the water.

I could see my gentle, beloved Anabel and my only child, Richard. I could see the men diving out of the boat when the machine-gunning started; water sluicing off the round flanks of the U-boat as it nosed in among the rafts and floats.

They had gone to America when war began, Richard a baby then. But in 1944 my father had died, and it had seemed safe enough for them to return and stay with my mother in Hampshire. I was able to organize accommodation in our company's fastest ship. I was even able to use some leave I had due to get over to America and travel back with them myself.

The ship was a new job, built in God knows how too few days, and either her diesels were too powerful for her structure or her bearings were not properly bedded down. We had to drop out of the convoy for repairs, with a corvette to look after us. The corvette, six hours later, had been detached on an urgent mission. . . .

The U-boat surfaced immediately after the torpedoing, nosing slowly in among the boats. "What ship? What ship?" the captain called from his bridge. He was capless, a huge, well-built fellow with a long, thin nose and a long, thin chin, clean-shaven. His keen eyes examined all the faces in the water eagerly. "What ship? A new mark?"

At length he took one of the officers on board and motioned all the boats to close in round him. He waited till the men in the water had been dragged into the boats and then, with a few sharp commands down the voicepipe, ordered half a dozen of his sailors on deck. They streamed up through a side hatch on the A.A. gun platform and at once opened fire.

I threw Richard into the water and pulled Anabel over the gunwale with me. Richard had learned to swim that year in Florida. He could stay under water for quite a long time, and he did so, bobbing in and out in the lee of a float. I shouted to him to keep away from me, to keep well away. He was a smaller target. . . .

I LOST myself now, and all the years since, in that picture, hungrily absorbing every glimpse until it faded and I opened my eyes to the bath house of Aix-les-Bains.

There are, I know, five or six other survivors of the sinking. I have been in touch with them intermittently. But twelve years is a long time. We had made our depositions. The shooting in the water was officially classified as a war crime. The necessary investigations were made later and the U-boat identified. She had been destroyed at sea in January, 1945.

Her original commander, one Ober-Leutnant Ullman, had not been with her then, having been posted to a new construction job at Kiel. Bombing had held up this work and he had never taken his new command to sea. In the confusion of the final defeat he had, with thousands of others, "lost himself."

I thought about all this again as I walked for my normal two hours that evening and returned to the hotel relaxed in mind as well as in body—a wonderfully unusual event. I took out a book to read, but after ten minutes felt that I might actually try to sleep. I did so and fell asleep at once and awoke refreshed and extraordinarily expectant at eight thirty in the morning.

All through my breakfast and my short, usual walk after it, I had this feeling of expectancy, of eagerness to get to the treatment and to lie back afterwards and coax the vision again.

It was, I suppose, too much to expect. My haste, my mental expectancy had destroyed the condition I sought to achieve. Behind closed lids I heard the hum and mutter of voices around me, and tried to merge them into the Babel of yesterday. For an instant I moved through the hell picture again; but the voices stayed, separate, distinguishable, French, American, German, Italian. . . .

THE years had at least taught me patience. I opened my eyes, and at the moment of opening thought that I had caught a glimpse of the face of the captain of the U-boat. But I was too strung-up, too mentally alert to be dreaming. I gazed carefully about me.

The man in the chair next to mine was Ober-Leutnant Ullman. He was fatter in the face and his hair was receding a little. But those were the same nose and chin and eyes. It was not a face that would change much; not a face I was likely to forget as long as memory lasted.

I cannot recollect my emotions at that moment. I do not think I wanted to hurt him. I do not think my heart jumped or my pulse raced or my flesh crawled. It was as though I had always known this moment would come, and now I made a quiet mental tick.

I studied him carefully and, when his eyes turned to me, I addressed him. These few minutes for which I had waited twelve years are curiously blank in my mind. I think I spoke to him in French and then, when he did not understand, in German. He did not want to chat. He answered me shortly. Presently, with a brief nod, he rose.

I watched him walk to the doorway and then got up and went after him. He went out of the main entrance, strolled down the crowded street and crossed to an hotel, a small, unpretentious place called the Weimar.

I gave him half a minute and went in after him. He was standing by the desk talking to the receptionist and I turned my back and studied a poster advertising an excursion to the mountains. From the corner of my eye I saw him walk to the lift and the gates close, and then I walked over to the reception desk.

I said in German: "I think I have just noticed an old friend of mine. You were talking to him just now."

"Ah, Herr Schneider! He is from Dortmund. He comes here every year with his wife and child."

"Schneider. . . . No, I must have made a mistake. The resemblance is striking. I am sorry to have bothered you."

I walked out into the street and stood there outside the hotel staring sightlessly into the bright sunshine. And now something very strange was happening to me. Perhaps it was the mention of his wife and child, the casual reference to his annual journeys to this place—the vista of the man's regulated life that was suddenly revealed to me. . . .

I experienced then what I had not experienced before, a curious knife-twist of hatred in my stomach. The thought of the man so near at hand, in a room above my head, going calmly about some small, familiar task—washing his hands, changing his shoes —suddenly made me tremble with a paroxysm of rage. When it went I found myself still staring into the street. My eyes were filled with tears.

It is curious now to reflect that the

December 31

by PETER DUNN

Scruffy December shuffles
Between the scraggy trees,
Slips and recovers, without a curse,
Upon their leafy screes.
Bright bitter thoughts, like berries,
Purge that threadbare mind,
Cramps of the body forgotten,
As he watches the claws of wind
Tearing to shreds the warm soft mist
An ice-cold blue to find.

Hedge-sparrows needle one short note,
Telephone wires wail,
Brown and brittle, the golden rod
Rattles in the rising gale.
December's dry lips twitch to a smile
Of love to hear them sing:
They free his fading heart far more
Than Autumn's trumpeting,
The muted horns of Summer,
Or all the flutes of Spring.

At dusk, between clouds, a shooting star
Signs its death with a silver stroke.
Rinsed of ideas, his pebble eyes
Glitter with frost at the joke.
Round his grey rags, like a fragment of chaff,
A winter moth flutters in feeble joy:
December, rich in ignorance, laughs;
The darkness becomes his toy.
He knows that tomorrow once more he'll be
A naked, whistling boy.

"Pity they can't find something better to do"

plan to murder Ullman came ready-made to my mind. Perhaps that part of my brain which had prepared for this meeting had also made provision for how I should react to it.

I found myself returning to the bath house. There I checked up on Ullman's —Schneider's—appointments; and I adjusted my own to coincide with his. I then bought one of the large, anonymous hooded robes and a knife and a torch.

I knew that I would have to discover the details of Ullman's treatment —how long the attendants left him to himself in the dark room and his state of immobilization. But I did not know how to discover this without attracting attention to myself.

It seemed to me, as I walked that night, that I should need some five minutes alone with Ullman to do everything that had to be done. I wanted to talk to him before killing him, and I wanted to hear him defending himself. I did not want to hurry any of this. It would need all of five minutes and I had to be certain that I should not have to waste time overpowering him, or be interrupted.

By the time I returned to my hotel, it seemed to me that the only certain way of ensuring these conditions would be to have a trial run; to get into his room as he lay in darkness and rehearse my murder.

The next morning, at a few minutes before ten thirty, I waited on the corner opposite the bath house. When Ullman appeared I allowed him a few moments' start and went in after him.

The baths were somewhat busier at this earlier hour and the two adjoining cubicles that we were allotted were the last, at the end of the corridor. Beneath the hooded robe which I was now wearing I had on a shirt and trousers. I removed these, but when the attendants arrived indicated that I did not wish my legs treated. They stared at me and shrugged and got on with my shoulders.

The heavy black mud was daubed thickly on the back of my neck, across my shoulders and over the upper part of my back. The towels were wrapped round, one small one in a sort of muffler round my neck, and then the blankets, very tightly. The men went out and switched off the light.

I sat up at once and looked at the luminous dial of my wrist-watch. My breathing was deep and laboured from the tight swathings, but I had kept alert and had not allowed the hot mud to relax me. I wriggled and unwound myself from the blankets and, moving carefully, with my body held rigid to stop the towels falling off, groped for my robe lying on the chair. The torch was in the pocket and I switched it on.

Still rigid, I quickly removed the belt from my trousers and hitched it tightly across my shoulders in a kind of Sam Browne. I then tied my necktie around my chest and wriggled my chest and shoulders a little. Everything seemed secure.

I slipped into my robe, switched off the torch and looked at my watch. Three minutes. I waited another minute by the watch to try to control my breathing, and then opened the door. There was some activity at the other end of the corridor, but nothing at this end. I slipped out, turned the handle of the next cubicle door and went in right away. A shaft of light from the corridor fell across the bound figure on the bed. I murmured in French, "*Pardon!* Wrong room," and shut the door, moving quickly over to the shower corner.

There was a momentary break in Ullman's heavy breathing. I heard his head come round. After a moment or two he said in German: "Who's there?"

Waiting silence . . . confused voices from the other end of the corridor, a door opening and shutting . . . slow relaxation again . . . a heavy sigh from Ullman . . . stertorous breathing.

I had kept the luminous dial of my watch hooded in my hand. I checked the time again now. In the brief flash of light I had seen that the way was clear from the shower to the bed. I could not be quite certain where his shoes were.

I took four small steps cautiously forward. I put the hand with the watch behind my back and extended the other until it met the bed. The belt across my shoulder creaked very slightly, but he could not have heard it above his own laboured breathing.

I moved to the very centre of the bed and paused for a moment before stretching my hand again, very cautiously, towards the blankets. I started at his feet and, barely touching the nap of the blanket, felt slowly up the bound figure. The heat from the mud radiated from both feet and his legs up to his knees. A gap then. Then the right arm, perhaps from above the elbow, and the shoulders. A well-trussed figure. At my mercy.

I had been in the room two and a half minutes, I saw by my watch. Two and a half more to go. The hot mud was making me sweat badly. The sweat was running in my eyes and down my face.

When the time was up, I moved to the door, rattled the handle, opened it and, going out backwards, muttered gruffly: "*Pardon!* I wanted the lavatory."

Back in my own room I worked quickly. To get the blankets wrapped round me in some sort of order I had to leave one arm under the top fold. Luckily the men noticed nothing wrong. They hosed me down unconcernedly and then left me to myself.

I dried and dressed and walked downstairs in a mood of curious elation. I did not now wish to see Ullman again and therefore went right out of the building. I walked back to the hotel and went to my room.

I did not feel like eating. I could not rouse myself to go for my douche-massage treatment in the afternoon. I lay on the bed from twelve o'clock until four.

Some time after four I got up and brushed my teeth and went out for a walk. Returning through the town I crossed the street to a large café in the square where red and blue umbrellas stood over the tables on the pavement. In the last day or two I had got into the habit of stopping for an aperitif. It must have been about half past five, later than my usual time, for the place was full.

I was walking on when the waiter spotted me and motioned that he had a seat. He was pulling out a chair, and I walked between the tables and thanked him and sat down and smiled at my neighbours at the table, and they were Ullman and his wife and child.

IN the shock of that moment, my smile became rigid. The little girl, I think, smiled back at me. Ullman nodded and went on talking quietly to the woman. Shock, lethargy, a queer sense of fatalism, kept me in my seat.

I sat and gazed from one to the other of the three faces. The woman and child were as unlike Anabel and Richard as it is possible to be, but now, for seconds at a time, I saw them as Anabel and Richard: a loved woman, a cherished child; the reverse side of my coin; my enemy's coin.

The waiter brought me a glass of vermouth, and the child, a little girl of perhaps six with long pigtails, thinking I could not understand, asked her father in German what I was drinking. Without any intention to do so, I said: "It is a kind of wine, *liebchen*, with spices in it. You wouldn't like it."

The child gaped at me in beautiful astonishment and her mother smilingly excused her.

"Are you a papa?" the little girl asked.

"Yes, I am a papa. I have a little boy," I heard my voice say.

"What is his name?"

"Richard."

"Is he older than me?"

"Perhaps a little older."

"Can he swim? I can swim, can't I, Papa?"

I moved my mouth but I did not answer this time and Ullman said: "Come, enough questions. Finish your lemonade. We're waiting for you."

I sat in the café for a long time after they had gone, until after everybody had gone. It was getting on for seven. I went slowly back to the hotel and up to my room and lay down on the bed and gazed at the ceiling. Could he swim, Richard? For years now he had swum in the Atlantic: the summer Atlantic, the winter Atlantic, nothing left now; no bones, no trace; nothing.

Suddenly I was submerged in wild, black grief again. I turned over and muffled my head. The bed shook to my sobbing.

I got up at length and had a wash and returned to the bed in that state of relaxation and calm that follows a storm of the emotions. I stayed there all night. I did not get up for dinner. I did not undress. The peachy light of dusk went off the ceiling and moonlight took its place; and then no-light before dawn, and then daylight.

I rose, stretched my stiff body

CHRISTMAS—3

The making and searching for presents, the putting up of holly and ivy on picture and shelf, the enjoyment of the glittering tree—what other event in the year is so evocative of beauty and creation and wonder, of generosity and gratitude?

Laurence Whistler

Advertisement

Can it beat Rheumatism

Continued from page 2

thousand—of the powerful drug adrenaline. This adrenaline cream, when applied to the trigger spots, loosens the cramped muscles—sometimes in an amazingly short time. As a result, the pain is relieved and freedom of movement is restored to the affected muscles.

This is the treatment which the doctor prescribes for his patients and recommends them to use in their own homes. The simplicity of the treatment—and the fact that the patient can apply it at home—is a tremendous advantage. Time and again I realized, when writing in the clinic, that most patients had postponed their visit to a doctor until they could bear the pain no longer. If only they had known more about the

According to the Harley Street doctor who discovered this treatment, adrenaline cream should be massaged into the skin not only where the pain is felt, but on to the trigger spots as well. Anyone can buy it under the name of Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream.

causes of the pain and about the adrenaline cream treatment, they could have saved themselves, in some cases, months of agony.

To confirm my impressions, I questioned several of the doctors, patients and ex-patients. One of them was Lord Russell of Liverpool, the famous author of "The Scourge of the Swastika." Lord Russell was enthusiastic about the relief from rheumatism that he himself had obtained by searching for the "trigger spots" and then massaging them with adrenaline cream. "Some of the cases I have seen," he went on, "have been little short of astounding."

Since my visit to this clinic I have found that thousands of men and women are now obtaining relief from rheumatism by copying the doctor's methods. They can do so because an adrenaline cream, similar to that which the Harley Street specialist uses in this clinic, is now available at every chemist's shop under the name of Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream. Manufactured by the long-established pharmaceutical firm of Howard Lloyd & Co., it carries with every jar or tube precise instructions on how it should be used.

Because it is so easy to use and has no harmful effects whatsoever, the manufacture of Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream—coupled with the "trigger spot" discovery—constitutes one of the greatest victories of recent years in the fight against muscular rheumatism. The Harley Street doctor has written a booklet giving full details of what to do about your rheumatism. It is called "How to Relieve your Rheumatism" and is available free from Dept. R.1., Howard Lloyd & Co. Ltd., 11 Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1.

sleepily, washed myself, and slipped into my robe, checking mechanically that the knife and the torch were in the pockets. I went out of the room, down the stairs, out of the hotel into the sunshine. I was dazed, confused. I could not move quickly.

At the corner, I saw Ullman hurrying into the baths and crossed the street slowly after him. He was a few minutes late too. Perhaps he had slept late, or the little girl was fractious over her breakfast. . . .

I went into the baths and up to the third floor. I was in time to see Ullman going into his cubicle.

I went through the same procedure as the day before, again telling the attendants to leave my legs free. When they had gone, I sat up, switched on the torch, fixed the belt and tie, got into the robe. I did all these things mechanically, clumsily. I did not bother to control my breathing. I opened the door, saw the corridor was clear and slipped quickly into the next room.

I made no attempt now to dissimulate. I went immediately up to the bed, switched the torch on his face and put the point of the knife to his throat.

I said: "Keep perfectly still. Don't call for help. I have come for you, Ullman."

I said then what I meant to say. I told him my name and the ship and the crime he had committed. He made no attempt to interrupt, staring up at me, panting heavily, exactly like an animal at bay. I asked him what he had to say in his defence. And then he did this thing that I shall never forget and which controlled my subsequent action.

His neck, which had been rigid, somehow began to relax. His whole face

"Dammit, you could have put it in the guard's van, couldn't you?"

relaxed. His eyes closed. His breathing quietened. His spoke faintly. "There is nothing to say. It was a lifetime ago."

"Your lifetime. You are the man who did those things."

He shook his head. "I could not make you understand."

I waited, but he said nothing more. The point of the knife was against his throat. Only the smallest pressure would be necessary. . . .

I did not make the movement. I sat on the bed and gazed at this face already prepared, it seemed, for death. And I saw it also in those few seconds as the face of a husband on a pillow. . . .

I sat there a minute or two longer, and then I rose. I said: "Go away from this place, Ullman. Leave today. Take your wife and child and go back to your home. But always remember that as long as I live you are under sentence."

It did not seem a melodramatic statement to me. I am sure it did not to him. I left him then.

I went back to the hotel after leaving the baths, and stayed there for the rest of the day. The next morning I called in at Ullman's hotel. The three of them had left.

I have waited almost a year before setting this down to allow for a change of mind. There has been no change of mind. As I have shown, I had the opportunity, the means, and also, as I believed, the right to kill this man. I did not do so. I know I never will.

To kill Ullman, as I bitterly realize, would be to disfigure the lives of his wife and child; it could not right mine. For this man is as essential to their happiness as Anabel and Richard were to mine. And to create new misery would be to perpetuate the harm already done: a despicable memorial to my gentle Anabel.

But other people were involved in the sinking besides myself, and I cannot make their decisions for them. It is for this reason that I have written this report. If anything happens to me, they must act as they think fit.

For myself, I know that what I have done is absolutely right. I have no intention of giving this man up to justice —for how could the vengeance of society ever repay me for what I have lost? Instead, I have found my own payment, in the only currency that has meaning, in the only kind this man can pay.

For all these years there has been no memorial anywhere to my wife and child. Now I have built one. To the memory of Anabel and Richard I offer a living memorial, the happiness of another wife and child—of Ullman's wife, and of a little girl with pigtails who cannot stop asking questions; and who can swim.

THE END

Treason rock

Continued from page 13

her away. His free hand came down, searching for the grenades that were still in his pocket. The man in the centre of the semicircle raised his right hand. There was an ugly, muted explosion. The bullet tore a great hole in Torlo's left breast, spun him round and dropped him to the ground.

Arianna ran, swerving towards the cave mouth like a trapped animal. There was nothing in her except panic and the horror of seeing Torlo fall. A narrow break ran up the rocks at the side of the cave and she reached it and began to climb upwards, scrambling and fighting to escape.

Behind Arianna the five men stood unmoving and Mietus, who had killed Torlo, raised his revolver again and fired at her as she was about five feet from the ground. The bullet smacked against the rock a foot from her face. Sharp stone splinters tore into her right cheek and she fell. She hit the ground by the cave mouth with a crash and her right leg doubled under her awkwardly. She lay there without moving.

Mietus put his revolver into his pocket and walked over to her and the other men followed him. Her face was bleeding and her eyes were shut.

Mietus put up a hand and pulled at the peak of his cap. His mouth was tight with disgust. "The light was bad," he said, more to himself than the others. "But I should not have missed. One forgets that a suppressor makes them pull to the right."

He squatted on his heels beside Arianna and rolled her on to her back. Seeing her right leg lying awkwardly under her, he straightened it, and for a moment both his hands were on her ankle, feeling it and moving it expertly.

"Broken, just above the ankle." He stood up.

"What do we do with her?" asked Plevsky. He was a little, dark blackbird of a man.

Mietus and the others looked at him; Sifal, brown-skinned, slender as a girl, but with too great a weight of stillness in him to give any man peace in his company; Roper, with the dissolute, battered face that had once been open and frank with charm; and Lorentzen, tall and wide-shouldered, awkward and unfinished-looking from the smallness of his head. And from the way they looked at Plevsky there was no doubt of their surprise at the question.

"She must go," said Mietus. "But first carry her into the cave. When she comes round, there is something I want to know from her. Plevsky, you stay with her. We shall go back to the other place. If anybody should come, we shall be there."

"Nobody will come," said Roper. "This crater could swallow a thunderstorm."

They carried Arianna into the shattered cave and then they dragged Torlo just inside the mouth of the cave.

"When she comes round," said Mietus, "make a signal and I will come down."

"Leave me some cigarettes," said Plevsky.

Lorentzen tossed him a packet.

Plevsky sat just inside the mouth of the cave and watched the others move across the crater and disappear into the shrubs to the left of the path that led up to the rim. Then he lighted a cigarette and looked at Arianna. Somewhere, years and years back in his life, he remembered a girl in Poland who had looked like this, dark, rich-bodied and with this peasant sturdiness.

CHRISTMAS—4

I have always thought of Christmas time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time in the long calendar of the year when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely.

Charles Dickens

Then, seeing the fresh-scarred sides of the cave, his mouth tightened a little. Why had he asked what was to be done with her? It was obvious. The man would have killed them all. What pity could the girl expect. . . ?

They were lucky, he thought, very lucky. . . . It was the kind of luck that Mietus was always having. It was Sifal, though, they really had to thank. Because of the interference to the reception on his set from the high crater walls, he always had to climb to the ridge to open his nightly communication with Max Dondon, the pilot of their flying boat. He had climbed up a little behind them that night and had seen this man at the path top looking down.

Sifal had followed him to the house in Ardito, and then had come back to them. The rest had been easy. Two of them had gone straight back to the house and waited, while the others had hurried back to the cave to clear their stuff. . . . How calmly Mietus had handled it, cold as ice, and seeming to know what would be in the man's mind. . . .

LYING in bed, the reflected sunlight from the open window stretching in a long diagonal of gold across the floor to the door, Marion Chebir faced this new day, aware of a strange combination of misery and happiness. It had taken her two years to find her freedom and herself.

Two years ago, when Hadid Chebir had been killed in a minor skirmish, the prestige of the Cyrenian National Army had been low. The news of his death would have taken the heart from his hard-pressed followers. Colonel Mawzi had kept the death a secret, and a half-brother of Hadid, little known, but remarkably like him, had taken his place.

Out of the grief for her lost husband, out of loyalty and love for him, knowing that for him Cyrenia had meant everything, Marion had agreed to the deception, regarding it as her duty, as a trust which she must honour. But all that was gone, all the past . . . finished.

At no matter what cost to herself, she decided now, there must be no more violence. Quite calmly she knew that she would have to tell John Richmond about the coming attack. She would have to betray Mietus and Mawzi. No cause was great enough to claim the death of any man, unless that man sacrificed himself willingly and knowingly.

There was a knock on her door and, thinking it was the servant Abou come to collect her coffee tray, she called: "Come in."

Colonel Mawzi came into the room. He crossed to the table in quick bantam strides and stood looking down at her.

"I realize," he said firmly, "that I am not welcome in this room. But it is necessary to make sure that there is a correct understanding between us—to make sure that you do not endanger yourself and many people who must still be loved by you."

Marion stood up slowly. "Perhaps you'd better speak very plainly. What is it you think I am going to do?"

"You could go to Major Richmond and tell him the truth about Hadid and also about the plan for tonight. You could, if you were very foolish. It is the kind of thing an angry woman might do."

"And if I did this thing?"

Colonel Mawzi slid his hands into his tunic pockets and narrowed his shoulders and the frown on his face furrowed his bony forehead deeply. "You would not live long to enjoy your treachery. Wherever they took you, wherever they hid you, we would find you. You know that we have a long memory for traitors."

"When one has little to live for, there is no great pain in dying," said Marion. But she knew that she no longer felt like that.

"True, but there are others who do not wish to die. You have a mother and father in England——"

"No!"

For a moment, like the bright flicker of a steel blade, Colonel Mawzi smiled grimly.

"Yes. A mother and a father, a sister and a brother who are married and have children. If a traitor escapes us, there is always his family. You do not believe this would happen?"

"Yes, I believe it would happen," Marion said quietly. What *could* happen was vividly with her. Oh, God, no!

She turned away from Mawzi. Behind her she heard him say: "I see that you understand. Good. But do not think that I trust you, even now. Tonight, if anything goes wrong, no matter what, I shall assume that in some way you have tricked us. But if all is well, then tomorrow you are free to return with us, and from Cyrenia

WOMAN'S REALM

is coming soon!

It's Unique! Exciting! Different!

It's remarkable value!

A wonderful new weekly—with pages and pages of dazzling colour—for every woman! Your home—your family—your children—your looks—your personality, in fact it's all your interests—everything in the whole vast realm of your daily life—whether you are married or single. Look out for **WOMAN'S REALM.**

you may go where you wish. I give you my word for that."

She heard the door open and close and knew that he had gone. She went to the window, rested her arms on the rough grey stone of the sill, and stared out.

Mawzi's words had put a frame round the thoughts that had been with her since waking. He, too, had wakened full of active new thought and had been quick to come and warn her. Now, if she went to John Richmond with the truth, there would be other deaths. . . .

WITH the rising of the sun, the wind, which had been light all night, picked up, freshening from the south so that the Dunoon fought a little against her bow and stern warps as she lay alongside the refuelling jetty.

Lieutenant Imray, who was officer of the watch, noted the long streamer of mare's tail cloud coming off the tip of Tower Hill and told himself that it would blow for an hour and then fizzle out. Without turning, he said to the seaman behind him on the bridge: "Keep an eye on the governor's place. I want to know when his car leaves."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Up at the San Borodon Government House, Neil Grayson was in his office, putting into his brief-case some papers he had to take with him to Mora. Outside on the drive he could hear the engine of the governor's car ticking over quietly.

Behind him he heard the door open and close, and without turning he knew it was Daphne. The sound of her movements as she came up behind him sent a deep tremor of happiness through him. For this thing between them had changed completely. Their ambitions had brought them together. But suddenly, tremendously, they had found themselves in love.

Now he stood there without turning, to tease her, and then felt her hands rest on his elbows.

"Neil."

He swung slowly round, bringing her into the circle of his arms. God, she was lovely and he was in love, like a youth of eighteen. It was true, he thought, that people sometimes got more than they ever deserved. His work, her money, his ambitions, her friends—it had been a nice blueprint for the future. And yet now, within himself, and within herself, he knew that the thing had happened which made it right. He kissed her gently on the lips.

"How am I going to live for three days without you?" she asked.

He kissed her again. "It'll soon pass. I'll phone you too."

"Darling," she said, "it's terrible the way I feel. I love you so much. So much that it makes me feel guilty. Not for anything to do with us, but just because the whole thing is so . . . oh, Lord, isn't it awful to have so much feeling and not to be able to put words to it?" She laughed quietly, a little embarrassed, and then said hungrily: "Kiss me. Really hard."

"We'll be caught. The governor'll walk in here any moment." He was smiling.

"To hell with other people. Kiss me."

He crushed her to him.

When he let her go, she stood back smiling at him, and said: "Now, I've got a surprise for you."

"Oh, something good?"

"I'm not going to miss you for three days. I'm coming to Mora with you."

"You devil—you got that kiss under false pretences. So you've talked your father into it?"

"Yes. I shall sleep on the Dunoon. There's no room at the fort—and anyway Daddy doesn't think it would be right. But during the day I shall be able to see you."

"And Teddy?"

"He grumbled. Doesn't like women on board—but he had to give in."

Grayson took her by the arm. "You'd better hurry. I can hear Sir George outside."

Five minutes later they were on their way down to the Dunoon in the car with Sir George Hator. Sir George was in a good mood. He liked going off on a trip, and Mora was an island on which he had often wished to spend more time.

"You put in my camera, Neil?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good."

He'd take some photographs. Maybe he'd write an article for the Royal Horticultural Society's journal. Happily he breathed the warm morning air. Daphne looked well, blooming in fact. Never seen her look so well. . . .

H.M.S. DUNOON entered Mora harbour at five minutes past eleven. She dropped anchor, watched by the islanders who crowded under the palms at the foot of the rough wooden jetty.

Standing by the fort's jeep towards the end of the jetty were Major Richmond and the headman, Señor Aldobran. Richmond had driven down by himself to meet the governor. Sergeant Benson was in charge of the gate guard at the fort.

The governor came ashore with Neil Grayson. After a few words with Señor Aldobran, the governor and Grayson got into the jeep and Richmond drove them up to the fort.

"I've asked Teddy Burrows and Daphne to come up and have some lunch with us," said the governor. "The pressmen will come ashore with him and they can have a look around the fort after lunch. How is everything? Under control?"

"Yes, sir. Except for one thing, which I would like to tell you about before you see any of the three."

"Oh. . . ." For a moment Sir George's grey eyes were on Richmond. "Trouble, eh?"

"Of a kind, sir."

At the gate the guard of honour was turned out, and then Sir George made a short tour of inspection before going up to the long mess room over the gate.

Richmond poured sherry for the three of them, and the governor said: "Well, let's have it, Richmond."

Standing by the window, nursing his glass of sherry, Richmond told the governor of the trouble between Marion Chebir and Colonel Mawzi the previous night. Then he described how he had gone up to see Mawzi and, coming down again, had looked in on Hadid Chebir.

"I should explain, Sir George," he said, "that I was up at Magdalen at the same time as Hadid and knew him slightly. When I went in, he was lying on his bed, more or less naked, and I should say drugged. . . ."

"Drugged?"

"Yes, sir. I've had a suspicion he took drugs. How he got the stuff I've no idea. I imagine it was smuggled in with their belongings."

"But you checked their baggage?"

"Yes, Sir George."

The governor frowned. "Bit of a slip up, eh?"

"I'm afraid so, sir."

"Never mind." Sir George waved a hand. "That isn't the main thing, I imagine?"

"No, sir. At Oxford I'd seen Hadid under the showers naked many a time. One of the things I remembered about him was that he had an oddly shaped birthmark on his stomach flesh. I'm absolutely certain of this."

"Well?" Sir George sipped at his sherry.

"This Hadid has no such mark. In other words, the man we've got here isn't Hadid Chebir."

"Good Lord!" Sir George made a violent gesture and spilled his sherry. "You're sure?"

"Absolutely."

Sir George turned away from them and walked slowly to the fireplace and stood staring up at an oil painting of General Cutts and rubbing his chin.

Then he swung round. "Has this Hadid ever recognized the fact that you knew one another at Oxford?"

"Yes, sir. But only in very general terms, and he made it clear that he didn't want to talk about it. I've no doubt that he's been well primed in the facts of the real Hadid's past."

"And where is the real Hadid? And *why* this deception? Have you thought about that, Richmond?"

Richmond hesitated for a moment. Then he said: "I don't know, sir, but my theory is that he's dead. It's the only way I can explain it to myself. I think he was killed some time ago in the Cyrenian operations, maybe at a bad moment, when his death would have set their cause back good and hard. Mawzi covered up his death and they substituted this man."

"But you can't just find a man who looks like Hadid at a moment's notice. Particularly if you want to keep it secret."

"In this event they could. Hadid's father had a lot of children, and not all by the same woman. This could be a brother, or a half-brother. If Intelligence went into it, they could probably discover that there were two or three brothers, and that probably all of them were educated in Europe."

"But there's the woman, his wife . . . why should she take part in this?"

"There'd be no trouble there, sir. She was very much in love with Hadid. She'd see it as her duty to keep Hadid Chebir alive and to avoid any setback to the cause. At least, she'd begin that way, though I've a feeling her fervour has worn off. In my opinion these three now are very much at odds with one another."

"It's plausible," said Sir George. "Yes, it's plausible. When the news of this comes out, it could be a nasty shock to a lot of people in Cyrenia. Well, what do we do, Neil? Let Whitehall know and wait for their reaction?"

Grayson nodded. "I'll go down to the Dunoon, sir. We can send a cipher message to the Admiralty. I'll make out the message, and only Teddy Burrows need know. . . ."

"Yes, yes . . . this mustn't go beyond us." Sir George helped himself to another glass of sherry. "Damn it, there's always something. However, there's nothing we can do until we hear from London. The cat will be among the pigeons there." He laughed and cocked an eyebrow at Richmond. "Well, my boy, this'll be a feather in your cap. All right, Neil, you get that message off, and bring Burrows and Daphne back with you for lunch."

UP on the lip of the crater, Mietus had found a place in the rocks from which he could look down on Mora and Fort Sebastian. He had his glasses to his eyes and was watching the Dunoon. A few local rowing boats were moving round her. A liberty boat pulled away from the destroyer towards the jetty. A shore leave party, Mietus guessed.

Tomorrow, he thought, he and the others would go down to the beach at Ardito. Max Dondon would be there on time with the flying boat. . . . They'd pull away from the beach in one of the fishing boats—he must check with the girl they'd caught about that—and then they would be off and all this affair over. . . .

He lay there for a long while, watching Mora and the fort. The sun began to drop towards the sea and the parapet shadow lengthened across the courtyard of the fort. On the beach at Mora some of the sailors on leave were bathing. Distantly he could hear their laughter and shouts.

When he finally moved, his right leg was stiff and awkward from the long lying. He rubbed it as he made his way down into the cave. Plevsky was there guarding the girl.

Plevsky was sitting well inside the cave out of the sun. Flies crawled over the sacking that covered the dead man. The girl was propped with her back against the loose stones and rubble that had fallen in a sharp moraine at the back of the cave. She was conscious and her eyes stayed on him as he came into the shadows.

He squatted by Plevsky and pulled a sheet of paper from his pocket. "She has been conscious for long?" he asked in German.

"An hour."

"Does she talk?"

"No. I have no Spanish, but I have tried her with a little English. She says nothing. She is, I think, just a simple, stupid girl. And very frightened."

Mietus moved up closer to Arianna. Her face was dirty and cut. One wing of black hair fell across her forehead and she had her right hand on her ankle, leaning forward a little.

Mietus put out his hand and took hers from her ankle. Her leg was swollen and mottled with bruises. She would be in pain. His eyes came up to her face and he saw fear mixed with sullenness.

Talking in Spanish, he said very

STAMPS ARE MY FORTUNE

by CECIL ROSE

A stamp dealer tells of the exciting searches, the shattering disappointments and the fabulous prizes that he has known . . . in a JOHN BULL book extract to be published next week

deliberately: "Listen to me carefully. Who we are and what we do here is not for your understanding. One thing only matters. Do you wish to live?"

Arianna made no answer.

"Do you wish to live?" He repeated the question, his voice dull with patience.

For a moment Arianna's eyes went from him to the sack-covered heap at the cave mouth. When her eyes met his again, they were narrowed by bitterness.

Mietus's hand came up quickly and slapped her across the left cheek. "You understand my words. Answer. Do you wish to live?"

The pain from the blow made tears gather at the corners of her eyes. "Yes," she said. "I wish to live."

"You shall if you answer my questions. But do not try to deceive me. To some of the questions I ask I know the answers, so you will be unwise to try and deceive me—if you wish to live. How many boats will there be on the beach at Ardito at ten o'clock tomorrow morning?"

"Four."

"Is there one which will take ten people?"

"Yes."

Her voice was so low that, sitting where he was, Plevsky could scarcely hear her.

Mietus put the paper he held on her lap. "You know Fort Sebastian?"

"Yes."

"This is a drawing of the fort. I shall point out the rooms and the various places and you will tell me if I have them right. Also you will tell me about the stairs that go up and down to the various rooms and about the passageways."

Mietus edged closer to her and took a pencil from the breast pocket of his leather jacket.

"There are many things about the fort I do not know," said Arianna.

"What you know, you will tell me."

"And how do I know that I will live?"

"I say you shall. Now, watch"—the pencil dropped and the point touched the paper—"here is the main gate. It has a little door cut into it?"

"It has."

"Inside there is a room to the right or left?"

"There is a big room to the left. To the right is a little place with a telephone."

Plevsky listened to them: question and answer, question and answer, and when it was all done he knew that she would die. Mietus was like that.

It was a pity about the girl. . . . For hours Plevsky had watched her. She was so like a girl he had known far back in Poland. . . .

Mietus went on questioning her, and her voice came back as thin as a reed trembling against a river current. Sometimes Mietus made a new mark on the paper, and then finally he stood up and tucked it into his breast pocket with the pencil. He came across to Plevsky.

Plevsky said: "She has been useful?"

"Yes."

"That is good. And now?"

"It is not safe for both of us to walk together in the open. Give me ten minutes, and then follow me back to the others. Finish her before you leave. Here." Mietus handed Plevsky his revolver with the silencer screwed to its barrel. Plevsky handed him his own revolver in exchange.

From inside the cave, Plevsky watched Mietus move into the open, pass rapidly and quietly into the scrub and disappear.

Plevsky looked at his watch. Behind him he heard the sound of the girl crying. He turned. She had her face in her hands and was sobbing and breathing hard against her sobbing. Her distress puzzled him. Either she cried because she knew she was going to die, or because she thought she was going to live. He wondered which she believed. This sobbing, he thought, was a foolishness, for it did no good and made things awkward for him.

He went in to her and shifted his grip on the revolver so that he held it by the barrel. Her face was still in her hands as he stood above her. He reached down and hit her expertly with the flat of the revolver butt against the side of her head just above the left ear. She dropped back loosely against the pile of stone rubble.

He looked at his watch, standing very still and not thinking about anything except the jerking little second hand. When the time was up, he raised the revolver and fired two shots into the soft earth face at the back of the cave. . . .

STANDING in the Bell Tower, Marion heard a mouth-organ being played in the courtyard below. She was at the window and the sudden drift of music gave her an unexpected clarity and made decision easier. All day the thing had been clouded in her mind. But now she knew what she must do.

She loved John Richmond. To save him, she was going to betray Mawzi and the false Hadid. By doing so she knew plainly that she could well be betraying herself, too . . . could be inviting the loss of all that she longed to save. . . . But all had to be risked.

She turned away from the window. All she had to do was to unlock her door, go to the tower door and call softly to the guard and tell him to fetch Major Richmond. When he came into her room the thing would be gone beyond her control.

She went to her door and felt in her dress pocket for the clumsy key. She opened the door and light from the room behind her fell across the dark stairs. Somebody moved out of the darkness into the light.

It was Colonel Mawzi. He said nothing, and in the silence she heard a soft scuffle from lower down the steps. Abou, like a polite genie, came into the light too, and stood with his head a little bowed, his eyes avoiding her. Marion knew then that one or both of these men had been waiting out here ever since she had retired to her room.

Colonel Mawzi put out a hand and took her arm. "This is an anxious night," he said gently. "It is better that we should all spend it together."

He moved, not pulling her, and she went with him, dumbly and blankly.

"Put out the light, Abou," Mawzi said.

As they moved up the stairs to Hadid's room, Marion heard the click of the wall switch from her room, and then the soft scuffle of Abou's bare feet behind her.

In his room Hadid was lying fully dressed on his bed. He looked up at their entrance and said with boyish glee: "Only a few more hours. . . ."

AT Mora, in the bar kept by the man with a twisted right hand, a hand that in repose was always begging, Andrews, the sick bay attendant of H.M.S. Dunoon, and Petty Officer Grogan were drunk. A bottle of *fundador* was before them, but each of them, cunning with the instinct born of many a monumental drunk, had already bought a spare bottle, which had been thrust into a pocket.

They knew that bars had a habit late at night of disappearing, that a man could find himself stretched in the bilge and rain water of a beached boat with only his own resources to provide him with drink.

Both of them knew, too, that the liberty boat would pull away from the jetty at midnight, and both of them knew that it would go without them. They smiled at each other happily.

One of their leave party came across to the table and muttered something about time to be getting back. Grogan looked at him with a glassy stare, and Andrews, with a pleasant and dangerous dignity, said: "The history of your family, I should say, is of considerable interest. You want me to tell it to you? Geneal . . . genealogico. . . ."

The other sailor smiled and said knowingly: "Ho, ho—like that, is it? One of these days you'll choke on one of them dirty great words."

Andrews began to get to his feet. Grogan put out a hand and pulled him down. "Let me," he said.

The sailor wisely disappeared before Grogan could stand up. To console themselves, the two filled their glasses again from the bottle, and sat there, isolated from the other singing and laughing groups, very seriously enjoying themselves. . . .

* * *

An hour after darkness, Mietus and his party left the clump of acacia trees where they had been hiding. In a long-intervalled single file they went up from the crater and bore right-handed around the crest until they were directly above the narrow spine of the ridge that ran down to Mora and Fort Sebastian.

Without any words between them, Sifal unshipped the radio transmitter from his back and set it up on a bare plateau of rock. The other four melted into the darkness, forming a protective screen for him.

An hour later the screen contracted round Sifal and the party settled itself below the lip of the small plateau, their backs against the rock base, their faces turned northwards towards Mora.

Sifal said quietly: "The reception was good. The aircraft will be off Ardito at ten tomorrow morning." He spoke in German, for this was their working language.

"Good," said Mietus, and then there was silence between them all. They waited now, he knew, for him. Less than in the coming action, he was aware that real pleasure lay in this phase, in this dark, silent, hushed waiting. This was his world, and they were his men. . . .

"The sun rises," he said quietly, "at five fifteen. We shall go inside at four forty-five. We shall leave here at four. Order: single file, myself leading, three-yard interval. Lorentzen and Sifal, you take the men in the

A MEAL TO REMEMBER

by A. E. Matthews

I SHALL have to go back many years to tell of my most memorable meal—to 1907, when I was starring in *Peter's Mother* at the Haymarket Theatre. One evening King Edward VII honoured us by coming to see the play, and at the end he asked for the cast to be presented to him. He told us that he had enjoyed our play so much that he wanted the Queen to see it, and asked if it would be possible to give a special performance at Sandringham.

Complicated plans were made for a performance in the ballroom at Sandringham, and on the day we were taken by Royal train from King's Cross to Wolferton, where we were met by coaches. We were to perform the play early, leaving time for dinner before we boarded the Royal train back to London.

I felt more nervous than I had done on my first night on the stage. Anxious to discuss a few points with my co-star, Marion Terry, I went along to her room and tapped on her door. An unfamiliar voice called "Come in," and when I entered I saw Marion showing Queen Alexandra how to use stage make-up. I felt rather bewildered, but Marion quickly introduced me—unusual circumstances in which to be presented to the Queen for the first time.

The play, in spite of our excitement, went off very well and afterwards the stage was cleared, small tables were set up and audience and actors were shown to their places for an informal dinner. I had been placed between the King and the Queen at a small table with Marion Terry and one or two other members of the Royal household.

I was nervous about what to say but I need not have worried. The King and Queen were charming and put us at our ease at once. The only thing wrong, in fact, was that my appetite, normally good, was quite taken away by excitement. I managed to eat the prawns in aspic which began the meal but the duck and vegetables I left almost untouched. However, we all drank lots of champagne and excellent wine, and everyone was in high spirits.

The King talked of the theatre and praised our production, asking me questions about myself. The Queen listened attentively, occasionally touching my arm and urging me to eat a little more. Towards the end of the meal Queen Alexandra invited Marion Terry and myself to stay at Sandringham until the morning.

The King and Queen retired after dinner and the rest of the cast left for London. I was shown to my room, climbed into bed—and realized with a pang that I was terribly hungry, having eaten hardly a thing all day. I could not sleep, but at any rate this gave me an opportunity of thinking back over a day which, I think, was the most thrilling in all my eighty-eight years.

Here is a recipe for prawns in aspic

Ingredients: One pint prawns, quarter pint aspic jelly, six sliced olives, 1½ oz. gelatine, one pint tomato juice, a little lemon juice, seasoning.

Shell the prawns and keep a few aside for decorating the dish later.

Moisten a ring mould, and line it with aspic jelly and let it set. Arrange a few prawns and olive rings in the jelly, add more jelly and again allow to set.

Dissolve the gelatine in hot water and add to the warmed tomato juice; add lemon juice, seasoning and the remaining prawns. Leave to cool, then pour into the mould. When the jelly is set, turn it out of the mould and decorate with whole prawns and salad before serving.

guard-room. No shooting unless it's absolutely necessary. We don't want the alarm raised until the last possible moment. Use a knife if you've got to kill. Plevsky and Roper—you go straight across to the men's dormitory. . . ."

His voice, quiet and unemotional ran on, an even murmur of sound against the warm, dark night. And, as he spoke, he could see it all happening.

"Remember," he said, "the governor must not be harmed. Remember, too, one quick death will show we mean business. Any questions?"

"The guard on duty just inside the small door?" asked Roper.

"I shall deal with him as we go in."

"All light switches are on the right inside the doors?" It was Lorentzen.

"All?"

"Yes."

There were no more questions. "All right," said Mietus. "We will check our arms before we leave here, and I shall carry the spare arms for Mawzi, Hadid Chebir and Abou. . . ."

"Abou," Plevsky chuckled. "I had forgotten him. At least we shall get coffee soon after the job is done."

Mietus settled back against the rock and shut his eyes. There was no sleep in him, or in any of the others. They all lay there in silence.

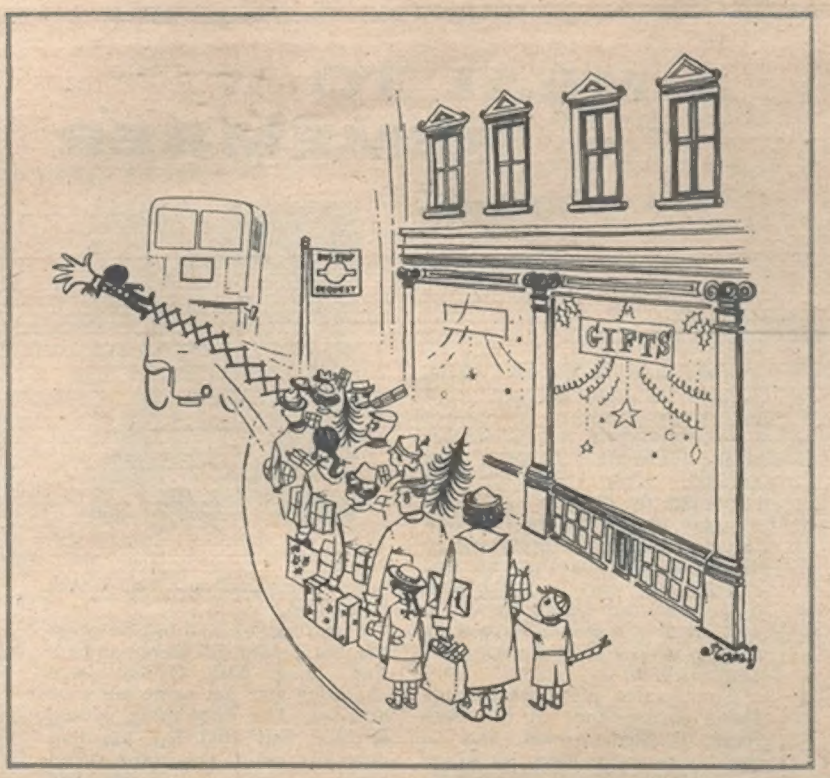
Below them, distantly, the chalky lights of a lorry probed snail-like up the hill from Mora on the road to Ardito. As it passed at its nearest point to them, they could hear very faintly the sound of men and women singing.

In the lorry, drunk, roisterous, in love with the whole world, and ready to fight the whole world if it said a word out of place, were Grogan and Andrews.

Neither of them was quite clear how he came to be in a lorry. One moment they had been drinking in the bar and the next out in the street, staggering arm in arm, and then suddenly surrounded by laughing men and women who had come to Mora for the day to watch the arrival of the Dunoon and the governor. . . . And now here they were, swaying and lurching over the rough road, adrift on a great euphoric wave. . . .

ARIANNA was adrift, too. She was the creature now of shock, of pain, and of horror. She felt the dry earth and stones under her hands and knew where she was. The darkness was no bar to her movement or vision, for the day-bright picture of her horror and fear lived clearly in her mind. There, just down there, lay Torlo's body, under the sack that had been thrown over him.

She pulled herself forward on her hands and knees and began to crawl



towards Torlo. Her right ankle and foot flopped painfully against the ground. The bruise on her head throbbed and throbbed and made her hold her head down and sideways for relief. She moved and whimpered like some maimed, fear-dazed animal.

When her fingers touched the edges of the sack over Torlo, she stopped and for a moment raised her head, listening. The only sound from the night outside was of a cicada calling.

The men had gone. They had killed Torlo and they thought they had killed her. She squatted back on one flank and felt the wound on her head. Maybe she would die, too. Maybe she was dying now.

She ran her hand over the sack and pulled it away from Torlo. In the darkness her hands went over him. She felt the bulge of the two spare hand-grenades in his pocket and pulled them out and began to crawl with a feverish haste out of the cave. But her pace soon slackened as the rough stones and rock cut into her elbows and knees, and she stopped, panting and suddenly sensible.

She dropped the two grenades into the front of her dress. Sitting up, she tore strips from her underskirt and bound them around her knees. She worked with a slow, competent assurance, talking gently to herself. Her hands she left bare. They were hard and strong and had lifted stones and swung wood all her life.

When she was ready, she began to crawl towards the path that led out of the crater. She went slowly, instinctively conserving her strength. Every little while the pain from her leg and the throb-throb from her head built up into a sobbing of breath in her lungs and she had to collapse, flat against the earth and wait for fresh strength to return to her. But, each time she lay on the ground, she could feel the hard pressure of the two grenades against her soft breasts, and each time she remembered March, her soldier, out in the fishing boat with them the day he had brought the grenades and taught them how to use them.

Poor March . . . poor Torlo. . . . For them she would kill the men.

She reached the top of the crater at twenty minutes past four. By that time Mietus and his party were on their way down to Fort Sebastian. . . .

In Fort Sebastian, Sir George Hator was asleep. By his bedside was a copy of Jules Verne's *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea*, which he had found in the long mess room. He was dreaming that he was taking a trip with Captain Nemo in the Nautilus, and through the great plate glass windows of the submarine's saloon they were watching a couple of coelacanths at play. He made little puppy noises of pleasure in his sleep.

Richmond was asleep, too. Soundlessly, dreamlessly. On his table the luminous dial of his wrist-watch shone palely, the faint light just touching the black shape of the revolver which hung on the wall at the side of his bed.

Neil Grayson was awake and thinking of Daphne. He lay in the darkness, smoking, wondering if she were awake, too, and thinking of him. As soon as it was daylight, he told himself, he'd walk down to Mora. There'd be a fisherman about who would take him out to the Dunoon. By now there might be a reply to his message to London about Hadid Chebir.

All this, he knew, was really an excuse . . . he would stay aboard ship and have breakfast with Daphne. There was an impatience in him to see her, to hear her voice. He blew the smoke from his lungs luxuriously as he thought of her. . . .

IN his room Sergeant Benson was snoring lustily, flat on his back. The fort cat, an overfed, tawny-coloured creature with one cropped ear, was curled in a ball at the foot of his camp bed.

In the next room Jenkins, the cook, was sleeping too, but lightly, and he was dreaming with a fine smile on his face, for he was at the village flower show and quite clearly nobody else was going to come near him so far as chrysanthemums were concerned—best six blooms, any variety. Like great coloured mop-heads. There was a murmuring, envious crowd around the exhibit, and he was sweating a little from the heat in the tent.

The darkness in the men's dormitory was lively with snores and gentle whistles of breath as they all slept.

Up on the parapet by the Bell Tower, the guard lighted himself a cigarette and smoked openly, standing his rifle against the parapet.

Down at the main gate Corporal Hardcastle, guard commander for the night, was standing with his back to the gate, watching the courtyard. Looking up, he caught the red glow of the guard's cigarette, wondered for a moment whether he would go up and brass him off, and then gave up the idea and lighted a cigarette himself.

In the guard-room three men, fully dressed, dozed on their camp beds.

In the Bell Tower, Colonel Mawzi turned away from the open window and looked at his wrist-watch.

"In ten minutes," he said quietly, "they should be coming in."

Marion, sitting on the end of the bed, shivered suddenly. She felt helpless and sick.

To be concluded next week

© *by Victor Canning, 1957*

Nursemaid on seal island

Continued from page 11

had congregated to reproduce. "Someone took a tumble almost every time," says Mrs. Hickling. Often the weather and tides forced the sealers to abandon attempts to reach the nurseries. But more than four hundred young seals were marked that season.

Mrs. Hickling once reversed the northerly flow of visitors to The Farnes by sending two female seals by train to London where a young bull seal was pining for company at the Zoo. She shipped the calves to the mainland, drove them to Newcastle in a car-trailer, and billeted them on the roof of a medical school while they waited for a train to the south. Buckets of water were thrown over the seals periodically to keep them moist. Their fares cost £25. They settled contentedly in their new surroundings.

Grace Hickling vigilantly guards her seals against possible threat. When an M.P. claimed in Parliament that they had multiplied eight times in twenty years and were a danger to salmon fishing in the Tweed, Mrs. Hickling declared that his figures were incorrect. She said that the colony had grown from between seven or eight hundred to about three thousand, an increase of not more than five to one. She also pointed out that the Berwick Salmon Fisheries had recommended a dividend of twenty per cent for the year. "It is hardly a ruined industry."

Fishermen are not the only enemies of the seals. In June last year Mrs. Hickling was perplexed by the sudden disappearance of the animals. Later she saw the reason. Killer whales, which have a partiality for seal flesh, were cruising in the vicinity. The next time she went to The Farnes the whales had gone. The seals were back.

The grey seal (*halichoerus grypus*) is the rarest of all types of seal. It has been calculated that the world population of the adult cows is less than ten thousand. In early autumn the bull seals, bigger and uglier than the females, haul out of the cold water of the North Sea and establish the rocky beach-heads on which they will maintain their harems, each of six or seven cows, for the next few weeks. The sexes are equal in numbers at birth, and the male is destined to remain a bachelor until he is powerful enough to overthrow an established bull from his territory. Blood runs and blubber is savaged as the bulls battle for vantage points round the islands.

Soon the cows lollop ashore to give birth to their calves. Each cow has one calf, born with a coat of white fur and its round eyes open.

One raw day late in December Skipper John McBay of the motor fishing vessel Sunbeam found a young grey seal entangled in his cod nets two and a half miles south of Johnshaven, Angus. Attached to its hind flipper was a stainless steel tag bearing a number and the words: "Inform Hancock Museum, Newcastle-on-Tyne."

Grace Hickling's records showed that the seal was less than five weeks old. It had swum at least a hundred miles, breathing with lungs as humans do.

In 1951 Grace Hickling and another naturalist, Ian Telfer, fixed tags to the first ten grey seals ever to be marked in the British Isles. Fourteen days later the calf bearing tag number one was found resting from a storm on the beach at Jaeren near Stavanger, Norway, after a journey estimated at four hundred miles.

Later the Zoological Society sponsored the tagging of grey seals and naturalists began marking in other parts of the United Kingdom.

Tagged seals have been picked up by trawlers, traced by students and stumbled across by beachcombers. Mrs. Hickling carefully watches her intelligence reports for a movement pattern behind the recoveries. Over a period of time she also hopes to establish the natural life-span of the seals, which is at present unknown.

To find out whether the young animals moved from one island to another before taking to the ocean, she marked a number of calves with a special red dye. The tests were not entirely satisfactory: some of the dye washed off. But they had the surprising effect of confirming that seals identify their young by smell and not sight.

The first thing Grace Hickling saw when she next returned to the islands was a large cow seal with a bright red nose.

THE END

JOHN BULL FREE INSURANCE

REGISTERED readers are notified that JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance Gift will continue in force, with the same benefits and conditions as apply at present, until December 31, 1958, unless previously terminated or amended by publication of notice in JOHN BULL. Registered readers automatically qualify for the benefits of the scheme. They need not re-register. But if any change of address or newsagent has taken place, full details must be sent to JOHN BULL Insurance Department, 96 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

CELEBRATE 1958 with £500 1st PRIZE plus FAMILY WEEKEND in LONDON

BRING the kids, or Mum and Dad—make it the happiest time of your lives. Enjoy the thrills of a £50 weekend packed with shopping, sightseeing, theatre or panto visit . . . everything you long to see and do in Wonderful London!

OTHER "BULLETS" PRIZES GALORE

£25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 3 of £5, 10 of £2 10s.

100 "Double Six" Prizes

1,500 2-in-1 Awards each with £1,000 Surprise

SURREY FOWLS

—see details on coupon below

WAY TO WIN

Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

World We've Made	In A Drab Tenement
On Winter's Stage	Cult Of Personality
Traveller In Space	Seems A Bit Odd
Burglar Inflation	A Blinding Flash And
Through The Centuries	Mum's Dream
Heady Wine	Bursting At The Seams
To Reach The Heights	Cad Of The School
Like Aladdin	Going It Alone
Good Start For The Year	Nerve-wracking
The Big Squeeze	At Our Village Hop

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

.....For Russia In The Referee's.....

First On The..... The Sleeping.....

A Heavenly..... She's Mad About....., So

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

SURREY FOWLS A fine roasting fowl accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with Bullet which was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,122 Closing Postmark MONDAY, JAN. 6

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 6d. per Bullet.

Signed.....

Address.....

P.O. Value.....

No.....

ENTRY FEE 6d. PER "BULLET"

HUGE NEW PRIZE COMING on JAN. 11

Your name and address below (with stamp affixed in space) bring you on Jan. 11 a 4-page *Bulletin* containing details of two grand prize opportunities and coupons for Bullets 2,124 and 2,125. For eight Prize Offers, starting Jan. 11, send P.O. 1s.

Name.....

Address.....

.....856

STICK 3d. STAMP HERE

WOMAN RINGS the BELL

"BULLETS" No. 2,118 RESULT—FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus £50 Giant Cracker: Mrs. D. E. Robinson, 2 Coastguard Cottages, Kingsdown, Deal:

The Bells Rang Out And *Loneliest* Had Christmas "Invitation."

£25: Mrs. M. S. Barker, 24 Broomfield Street, Eastbourne: A FOURPENNY ONE—TAUGHT ME *Real* "VALUES."

£10: F. Radcliffe, 72 Alexandra Street, Ashton-under-Lyne: OVER OUR HEADS—H-BOMBS SAFE AS—*Windscale?*

OTHER AWARDS. £9: W. Prior, 135 Fairlands Avenue, Thornton Heath, Surrey: THE REFUGEES NOBODY WANTS—ROTTING—SHOW *Humanity's* "DECAY." £8: G. Quinn, 11 Shaw Lane, Lichfield: TO MAKE SOMETHING—ON SIDE, *Universal* "HOBBY"! £7: Mrs. E. A. Morgan, 19 Wellington Hill West, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol: TO MAKE OR—MAR—HERE WE ARE! £6: A. Dalrymple, 9 Wood Street, Glasgow: TO MAKE ALADDIN'S—LAMP PALE—CATHODE'S "FAIRYLAND"! £5: R. W. Clapp, 32 Burns Close, Welling, Kent: DAD SAID HE'D CARVE, BUT—TOY HANDCUFFS *Too* EFFICIENT! £5: T. S. Feakins, 34 Swyncombe Avenue, London, W.5: TO CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS—CARDS EXCHANGED—"DUELS" OFF! £5: Mrs. O. M. Hilton, 60 Mountfield Gardens, Newcastle upon Tyne: NOT A LOT OF SCROOGES—*Or* SANTA CLAUSES—EMPLOYERS!

(Each of the above winners receives also a Christmas Fowl.)

For ten winners of £2 10s. plus Christmas Fowl, see *Bullets Bulletin*. 30 Fowl winners have been notified and 1,500 2-in-1 Awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated February 1), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, Jan. 18, for early news of No. 2,122 result.)

POST ENTRY

Bullets 2,122, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

NEXT WEEK PLAN for YOUR 1958 HOLIDAY!

A Playmate for Nicholas

DELIGHTFUL NEW SERIES for mothers-to-be

How you'll enjoy reading real-life mother Pamela Warner's candid account of the stimulating, exciting time when her second baby was on the way. And how many commonsense, up-to-date ideas you'll pick up as she tells, month by month, how she coped with preparing Nicholas to welcome the new arrival, adapted her diet to her own and Baby's needs, making and choosing maternity clothes, fitting in household chores to suit her new routine, organizing her hospital arrangements . . . dealing with so many of the problems that arise for mothers-to-be. She's a lively, friendly person to meet—and she has so much to tell you in MOTHER each month beginning in the January number.

Also in this issue—

FASHION-KNITTING FOR THE FAMILY

TWIN PREGNANCY

HOLIDAY PLANNING

BARGAIN PATTERN OFFER

MOTHER

ON SALE WEDNESDAY, JAN. 1 — 1/3d.

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on this copy: Inland, 5d.; Abroad, 3½d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 6d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Roberto

MICKEY MOUSE WEEKLY CONTINUES UNDER THE NAME OF ZIP—BRIGHTER—BETTER THAN EVER!

No 1

OUT TUESDAY, DEC. 31

On Tuesday, December 31, Mickey Mouse Weekly will be published under the new name of ZIP—and will be better and more exciting than ever! There are new and stirring adventures of Strongbow the Mighty, Robin Alone, and Billy Brave, and, in place of the Walt Disney features, ZIP presents many wonderful new characters and adventures.

Here is a paper parents will be glad to see their children reading! **ZIP**—gay, colourful, exciting—and as always such clean, wholesome entertainment! **ZIP** is packed with gorgeous full-colour pictures—thrilling action-strips—breath-taking adventures! Gigantic value for 4½d.! Just look at the remarkable new features—**Skippy** the lovable lad and his dog!—favourite **Hans Andersen** fairy tales retold in glowing colour by leading Danish artists!—the stirring tales of **Wells Fargo** and the old Wild West! Then there are lots and lots of things to make and do, puzzles, hobbies, and games to play. **And there's a wonderful Free Banger inside every copy!**

EXCITING FREE PRIZES! Wonder trips to foreign lands—hundreds of **free** pantomime seats—grand new **ZIP** Birthday Club!

PARENTS! Order **ZIP** now—what a wonderful New Year's gift to the children it would be! But do order early—tell your newsagent **today** to put **ZIP** in the letterbox with your papers every Tuesday starting on December 31!

FREE
with issue No. 1—
THUNDERCLAP BANGER!

ZIP

EVERY TUESDAY - 4½p

You'll be happy to see your child reading ZIP!